

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 766



AUG. 2, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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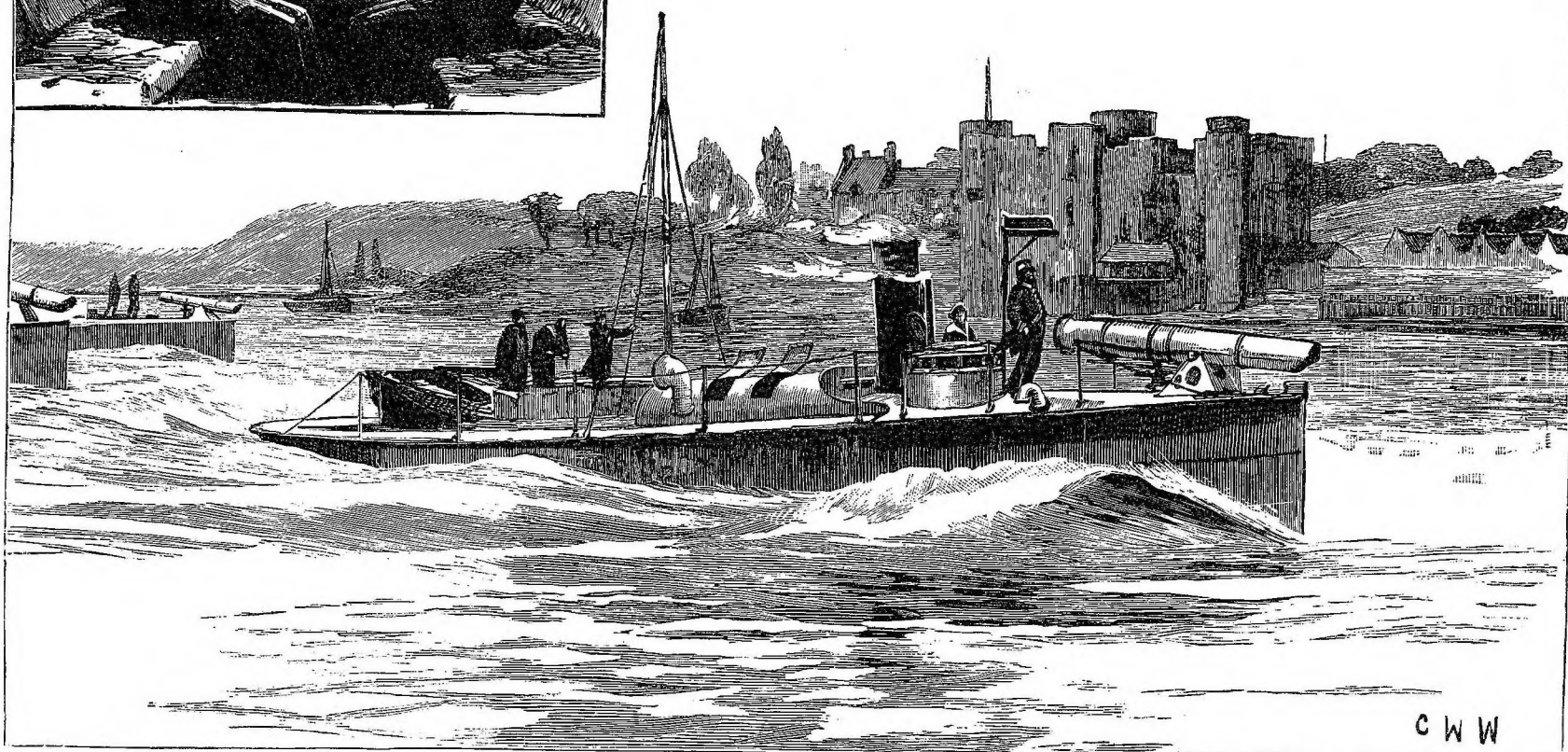
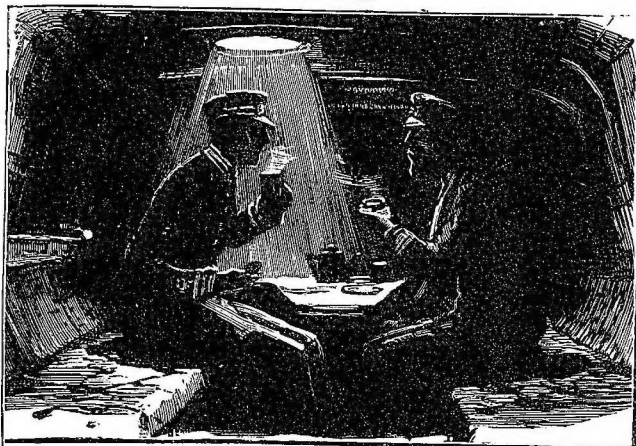
ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*

### Officers' Cabin



ANCIENT DEFENCE AND MODERN OFFENCE: TORPEDO BOATS PASSING UPNOR CASTLE

### Presents from the King

### Schoolboy in Irons at Adowa



### An Abyssinian Eating Raw Flesh

### Uniform of the Followers of the False Prophet

### Peasant Woman Carrying a Child

LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK IN ABYSSINIA  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



## Topics of the Week

**IMPERIAL FEDERATION.**—The proceedings of the Conference on Imperial Federation have attracted a good deal of attention; and there can be no doubt that the object for which the new Society proposes to work is one that appeals strongly to the popular imagination. By-and-bye the population of the United States will probably be counted by hundreds of millions, and the population of Russia is, perhaps, destined to be equally vast. If these anticipations are realised, the United Kingdom, like France and Germany, will seem insignificant enough in comparison with such great communities; but a British Federation, consisting of England and her Colonies and dependencies, would be able to hold its own against any conceivable Empire or Republic. The Conference was, however, too ready to assume that the Colonies would be willing to form part of a Federal State. After all, what would they gain by the system which was described by various speakers in such glowing terms? We cannot offer them any special advantage in trade, for we open our ports freely to the traders of all nations. On the other hand, if a Federal State were formed, we should expect the Colonies, no doubt, to modify their tariffs in our favour; and it is by no means clear that all of them would consent to make this sacrifice on our behalf. It may be said that they would be made more secure in their foreign relations; but they are already as secure as they care to be, seeing that England would be bound to defend them if they were attacked. Fortunately, the question of Federation, although in every sense a question of great interest, may be decided at leisure. England and her Colonies have never been on better terms than at the present moment, and before drawing more closely the bonds by which they are united they can afford to discuss the subject thoroughly. One of the most useful functions of the Society which is about to be formed will be to let Englishmen know from time to time what is being thought about the matter by their kinsfolk across the seas.

**LUNATIC LAW.**—Mrs. Weldon conducted her case with marked ability, and falsified the old saw which avers that the man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client. With no array of learned counsel probably would she have made so favourable an impression on judge and jury as she did in her own person. She has won a verdict from the jury, and she has drawn from Mr. Justice Hawkins an important avowal—namely, that “the law” (concerning lunacy), “as it at present stood, was calculated to fill everybody who had regard to the liberty of British subjects with terror and alarm.” In these days of persistent appeals it is quite possible that the decision of the jury aforesaid may be reversed; but it is to be hoped, whatever may be the issue of the case as regards Mrs. Weldon herself, owing to her being a married woman living apart from her husband, that public opinion will not rest satisfied until the lunacy laws have been carefully re-investigated. Fortunately, however, human nature is not so bad as it might be, otherwise under the existing regulations abuses would be commoner than they are. But that they do exist is certain, especially among persons of the lower middle rank. The poor are protected by their poverty, and by their admission (if adjudged insane) to public asylums; the rich (though perhaps not in all cases) can make their voices heard. It is probably very rare in these days that a perfectly sane person is locked up on the charge of madness, like the hero of *Hard Cash*; but we do believe that a good many persons who are queer and eccentric, and whose queerness and eccentricity make them troublesome to manage, are, especially where there is some property in question, committed by their friends and relatives, under medical certificate, to a private asylum. These friends and relatives are not necessarily scoundrels; they persuade themselves that poor dear Tom or poor dear Annie will be all the better for medical supervision. So the asylum gates close on the victim, and how rarely does he emerge? It is often against the interest of a keeper of a private madhouse to cure a profitable patient, because he is well aware that in numerous instances those who pay for the patient's keep would be sorry to have him at home again. It would be well if all lunatic asylums were public asylums; but, barring this almost impracticable reform, no certificate of lunacy should be regarded as final until countersigned by an official surgeon or physician. A certain time, say a week, might, however, be allowed to elapse before this final examination, in order that there should be no delay in placing in confinement persons suffering from urgent symptoms of mania.

**THE PERFECT HEAD MASTER.**—The election of the Rev. Edmond Warre to the Head Mastership of Eton will have disappointed the correspondent who wrote to the *Times*, signing “Academicus.” This gentleman urged it as a grievance against Mr. Warre that during the last quarter of a century he had “made no mark as a scholar, preacher, or man of letters,” and that his name “had not been connected with any question of educational reform.” What a pretty man a Head Master would be to satisfy “Academicus!” It would not be enough that as an Assistant-Master he should have worked well with his chiefs and his pupils; unless preaching, book-writing, and reforming had been the objects of his ambition, his faithful discharge of tutorial duties would

count for nothing. Sydney Smith besought Brougham, for his health's sake, not to do more work than would be enough for “three strong men.” “Academicus” has no such pity for his fellow man. His model tutor would be always up and about with a sheaf of printer's proofs in one hand and copies of uncorrected verses in the other. He would preach on Sundays, on Mondays take the chair at Reform Congresses, on Tuesdays spout in the open air, and the rest of the week he would devote to composition—not his pupils', but his own, destined for some high-class progressive review. His pupils would take care of themselves. Luckily, the Governing Body of Eton has had the good sense to remember the fable of the boastful duck who did many things, but nothing well. In promoting Mr. Warre it has rewarded a man who has always done what work was set before him with his whole might, and without seeking that notoriety which may be won by any fussy person who neglects his own business for other people's.

**THE LORDS AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.**—The Conservatives have lost no time in replying to the charges made against the House of Lords, and it must be admitted that in some respects they have carried on the controversy successfully. They have certainly shown, for instance, that the Upper House has not in any unconstitutional sense attempted to force a dissolution. It declined to accept a Franchise Bill which did not include a scheme of Redistribution, but more than that it did not pretend to do; nor is it easy to see on what pretence it can be accused of having gone beyond its legal rights. With this part of the subject Lord Salisbury has dealt clearly and vigorously, and we may expect that as the agitation proceeds the Radicals will abandon a charge which cannot be made good, and which does not in any way strengthen their general argument. The real grievance of the Liberal party is that the Lords made an unwise use of their legal power; and to this complaint no satisfactory answer has been given. In every one of his recent speeches Lord Salisbury has insisted that the difference between the two Houses relates not to principle but to procedure, and he has failed to show that the question of procedure is important enough to be made a subject of violent dispute. He asserts, indeed, that if the Franchise Bill were passed in its present form it would be followed by a Redistribution Bill of a revolutionary character; but in support of this view he has not been able to advance the slightest evidence. All that is known about the matter is the statement made by Mr. Gladstone when the Franchise Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, and in that statement there was not a single suggestion that could frighten the most timid Conservative. If Mr. Chamberlain were entrusted with the task of drawing up a Redistribution Bill, he would, no doubt, make some rather startling proposals; but the country knows that there will be no very alarming departure from existing arrangements so long as Mr. Gladstone is in power.

**CROSSING THE THAMES.**—There is still some water left in the bed of the old river, and therefore it is needful to provide artificial appliances for getting across from one side to the other. It is, however, worthy of note that for a long time wayfarers have been content to achieve the passage across the Thames within a considerable portion of the metropolitan area by means of boats. For centuries London Bridge was the only bridge; the town had already attained metropolitan dimensions when Westminster was added; and until 1817, when Waterloo was opened, three bridges sufficed for the intercourse between Middlesex and Surrey. Of late years, in the reaches of the river above London Bridge, bridges, both for railway and general purposes, have greatly multiplied; but below London Bridge, if the Thames Tunnel, which is now a railway tunnel, be excepted, no thoroughfare across the river exists. Future generations may marvel that an immense population should for so many years have been content to be thus bisected into two isolated portions, for to the generality of people a broad, bridgeless river is practically as great a barrier as a chain of mountains. The phenomenon may be accounted for in several ways: first, the people are for the most part very poor, and therefore voiceless; secondly, there is no body, except the anomalous Board of Works, sufficiently interested in the welfare of London generally to undertake such a costly work as a bridge or tunnel; thirdly, and most important of all, there is the danger of impeding the navigation. The great ocean traffic has gone lower down than was formerly the case, because modern vessels are bigger than their predecessors. Still the Thames, between London Bridge and Blackwall, is as much crowded with shipping as any stretch of water of the same extent in the world. It is this fact which lent such liveliness to Monday's debate in the Court of Common Council. Either a high-level bridge or a tunnel would be enormously expensive, because, at all events for vehicular traffic, approaches possessing only a reasonably gentle incline would have to be made. The proposition for a low-level bridge, therefore, carried the day, and as this tallies with the recommendation of a Select Committee of Parliament, the work will no doubt be shortly begun. But how slow and halting has the progress hitherto been towards the attainment of this boon! The reason is that London has no general government. Even here the City has to come to the rescue, though the affair lies practically beyond its boundaries. How differently the railway companies manage! Let them once get an Act, and they will throw a hideous bridge across the river in less than no time.

**WOMBWELL'S MENAGERIE.**—The dispersal of Wombwell's Menagerie might be deplored as a real educational loss to our villages if there were no other strolling wild beast shows to take its place. But it has become the practice for most circus companies to carry wild animals with them, and the zoological collections to be seen in fairs are now much larger and better, as a rule, than they were of old. These shows are always entertaining, but we must draw a line between the menageries where the wild beasts are merely exhibited, and those in which they are made to perform tricks repugnant to their instincts. Wombwell's people have always had a reputation for being kind to their beasts. Old Wombwell used to teach his bears to dance by the inducement of biscuits and honey, and he was fond of boasting that he “never told a lie” to his beasts—as, for instance, putting down a whole pot of honey before Bruin, and then paying him off with an unhandsome spoonful when the hop was over. If a bear will dance for pelf that is his own affair, but we do object to the poor brute being stimulated to a Highland fling by hot plates and a broomstick, as too often happens. The lion also is a pitiful sight when, cowed out of all spirit, he jumps hurdles or bounds through flaming hoops. We know that he cannot enjoy the fun, and that he must have been trained to it when stupid with drugging and beating. It is to be feared the cruelties practised upon animals in some menageries are much worse than is commonly suspected; and since there is no law in this humane country to prevent this kind of thing, we can only express the hope that Wombwell's pets will have the luck to find good masters.

**FRANCE AND GERMANY.**—Some sensation has been created by an article in the *Figaro* proposing that France and Germany should “shake hands, and make common cause against England.” The *Figaro* is not a very high authority in politics, but the Germans are astonished that such a suggestion should have been made in any French journal. There can be no doubt that if a Franco-German alliance were possible, the scheme would be welcomed with enthusiasm by all classes of Germans. They have a sincere admiration for some elements of the French character, and they are persuaded that if the two countries could arrive at an understanding a new era of peace and prosperity would begin for the whole civilised world. In what particular way England would be affected by such an alliance it is not easy to say, but the question is not one about which it is necessary for us to form very definite opinions. For, whatever the *Figaro* may think, all the world knows that for many a day there will be no alliance between France and Germany. If the proposal were seriously made, the first condition on which Germany would insist would be that she should continue to hold Alsace and Lorraine, and to this condition, in the present temper of France, no French Government would or could assent. It is an article of faith among the French people that they are destined to recover possession of Strasbourg and Metz, and a belief so flattering to their national vanity they would not now resign for the sake of any mere material advantage. Moreover, time has hardly even in a slight degree allayed the bitterness excited by the late war, and we may doubt whether it will do so until the generation which remembers the Battle of Sedan has altogether died out. All this is perfectly understood by the Germans, so that although the article in the *Figaro* has pleased them it has not led them to indulge in extravagant hopes.

**THE POST OFFICE REPORT.**—Other Government Departments spend money; the Post Office earns it. For this reason alone its Reports are exceptionally interesting. It is, moreover, like the Poor Law, a bit of pure Socialism stuck into the midst of our political system. If it be right that the State should feed, clothe, and lodge the destitute; if it be right that the State should carry letters and messages and parcels; there is no intrinsic absurdity in its further proceeding to convey Her Majesty's subjects by railway and steamboat, to supply them with bread and meat and vegetables, to cut out and sew their clothes, to make coffins for them when they die, in short, to enact on a national scale the rôle of Universal Provider now assumed by Mr. William Whiteley. This would surely be pure and unadulterated Socialism, and there are signs that the world is tending in that direction. If the change should come, will it be a benefit or an evil? It would act as a damper on individual energy, industry, and resource, most of us probably would work “a Government stroke,” to use an old colonial phrase, but there would be less anxiety, and hurry, and worry, and the misery endured by those who for various reasons are at present unsuccessful in the world's race would disappear. Nevertheless, there might not improbably be a good deal of dull discontent because wages would rule low. We argue this from the analogy of the Post Office. The Chancellor of the Exchequer invariably looks to the Post Office to help him in making a favourable Budget, and, therefore, the postal “bosses” are always aiming at the cutting down of expenses (their own salaries, of course, excepted). Beyond most of his predecessors, Mr. Fawcett has tried to better the lot of the toiling thousands who do the hard work of the Post Office, and we sincerely hope he is not going to try and balance the loss on the Parcels' Post by increasing their labours or lowering their wages. His language on this point is rather vague, but we are certain that, rather than act so stingily, the nation would for a time consent to put up with a small loss. We say “for a time,” for, after all, why should A. be taxed in



order that B's parcels may be carried cheaply? If, in a year or two, the Parcels' Post remains unprofitable, better hand it back to private enterprise.

EXPLAINING AWAY.—“When I say No, it's No,”—these words, which have an irrevocable sound when proceeding from weak woman in the domestic circle, are not to be taken *au sérieux* when uttered by statesmen. How cogently Mr. Gladstone can explain that by *No* he meant *Yes*—emphatically *Yes*; and who dares to deny it? Nobody does deny it. The great man's querists shrink into disconcerted atoms; his disciples crow on the back benches, his party newspapers boast the triumph of truth once more over “mean attempts to equivocate”—the equivocation being of course on the side of those who thought *No* was *No*. But are we not having a little too much of this explaining away? We none of us, when we have passed the age of enthusiastic seventeen, expect our public men to be perfect, though we may not be so desponding about them as that Farmer in one of Miss Mitford's novels, who never voted for a Ministerial candidate, because he could not conceive that a Minister might be an honest man. We take our politicians to be pretty grey all round—not black, nor spotless white, but grey shading on to white if they please. But why will they insist on being all so dazzling white? Why have they been always right, always prophetic, never mistaken? Lord Melbourne once disarmed criticism by saying: “Yes, I did say that; and I was a fool for saying it, and (after a pause) you were a fool for believing it.” A little of this would go a long way towards reconciling us to our public men as men, for it is a sore perplexity to sit down and have to reason them out to be angels by their own showing.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—In one way excellent service has been done to the Government by the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords. It has altogether withdrawn attention from the failure of their policy with regard to Egypt. Some weeks ago nothing else was talked about by politicians; now it is difficult to induce a public meeting even to listen to any discussion of the subject. Yet the question is one of urgent importance, and it is almost certain that in dealing with it the country will soon have to take a wholly new departure. Europe declines to help us out of our difficulties; at any rate, it declines to help us out of them in the manner which seems good to Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. By-and-by, therefore, England must decide for herself how the problem which perplexes her is to be solved. It may be assumed that the policy of immediate withdrawal from Egypt will not now find many advocates. For our own purposes we chose to destroy the only authority which existed in the country, and almost everybody seems to admit that we should cover ourselves with dishonour if we were to go away without providing some guarantee at least for the maintenance of order. Probably Mr. Gladstone will be compelled by the force of circumstances to undertake far larger responsibilities than he has hitherto been willing to assume, and there is no indication that if he does so he will meet with any very serious resistance either in England or elsewhere. His aim is to make the Egyptians a self-governing people, and experience has shown that if this object is practicable it certainly cannot be accomplished by a policy which oscillates between two utterly inconsistent principles.

GERMAN COLONISATION.—Prince Bismarck's hints are about to be taken up, and a German colony established in South Africa. Looking at the matter from a purely British point of view, one is inclined to wish that these enterprising sons of the Fatherland should either stop quietly at home, or should select some other quarter of the globe for the display of their colonising capacity. Politically, South Africa is a land of volcanoes. Only to mention two; there is the Boer volcano, and the Zulu volcano, both in a state of eruption. Therefore, in this region of warring nationalities, it is scarcely possible to welcome the arrival of a fresh nationality. But let us examine the matter from a German point of view. If people would thus put themselves in their neighbours' places, and endeavour to see with their neighbours' eyes, half the squabbles of the world would cease. Well, then, let us listen to this good German. “I may say boldly,” he tells us, “without boasting, that militarily we stand at the head of Europe. When our Chancellor speaks, all men listen. Yet we have scarcely a single colonial possession. In this respect we are below not only England and France, but Spain, Holland, and Portugal. Add to this that, unlike France, we have a soil for the most part barren and unkindly, and a rapidly-growing population. We emigrate immensely, but we do not colonise. There are in the United States alone enough of us to form a nation. But we are there merely a scattered body, and the descendants of these emigrants will be Americans, not Germans. Everywhere in America, in Australia, in London itself, our Germans are prized for their patient persevering industry. Let us then have a colony of our own!” Sympathising, as we do, strongly with these views, we are constrained to remind our ideal German that the best colonisation fields in the world are already occupied, and that the region about Angra Pequena in South-Western Africa seems almost too hot and dry for the permanent habitation of a North European people. On the other hand, it may be alleged that the Boers

of the Transvaal, in the same latitude, are a sturdy race, but then they came from the temperate regions of the Old Cape Colony, and got gradually acclimatised as they “trekked” northwards. Besides, the Transvaal is a vast table-land, and therefore enjoys a much milder climate than its latitude would warrant. Nevertheless, we wish our German cousins all success in their venture.

VEGETARIANS.—People eat too much meat nowadays; and, neglecting vegetables, do not learn the many ways in which these can be cooked so as to provide a diet cheaper than meat, and as agreeable for a change. Therefore the vegetarians who have been banqueting to show what may be done with vegetables have rendered a service. But it is a pity that some of them should create prejudice against themselves and their dishes by nonsensical talk about the killing of animals for food. Have they not heard that according to certain scientists the vegetable feels and perhaps thinks? It may be demonstrated to future generations that the blushing carrot is susceptible of tender emotions, and that the retiring ways of the truffle are due to a well-reasoned aversion to the wickedness which is to be witnessed above ground. But again every vegetable contains animalculæ, and we never condemn a potato to boiling without dooming to death thousands of little creatures who may be as interesting in their ways as the lobster in his. The truth is, all nature lives, and the man who would eat without destroying life will find his task a difficult one if he sets about it honestly with the help of a microscope. However, we may borrow dishes from experienced vegetarians without taking their opinions. Meat we must have to some extent, because nature has made us carnivorous; but being graminivorous also we shall find ourselves the better for letting vegetables play a greater part in our interior economy than they do at present. How comes it that lentils and white beans, once so much eaten by our agricultural and working-classes, are now never so much as named among them?

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing PORTRAITS of SIXTY-ONE BRITISH YACHTSMEN.



# AMUSEMENTS

## INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

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For further details see London daily papers.

Season Tickets, price 1s., may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester Street, London Wall; at the Exhibition, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.

LYCEUM.—TWELFTH NIGHT.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Marion Terry. “Twelfth Night is not inferior in attractiveness to any former Shakespearian revival at the Lyceum, the house being crowded from floor to ceiling every night.”—*Morning Post*, July 21.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W. Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—EVERY EVENING, at a quarter to Eight, the Playwright in twenty minutes, called SIX AND EIGHT PENCE. At a quarter past Eight, a New Play, Written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at half-past Seven; carriages at 11. No fees. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

TWINS.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. A. CONOVER.—An Eccentric Comedy, in Three Acts, by Joseph Derrick, Author of “Confusion.” TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY, August 2. Characters by Messrs. Edward Righton, H. H. Vincent, E. D. Lyons, Fred Desmond, H. Akhurst, J. G. Wilton, L. Cautley, J. W. Bradbury; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Eliza Rudd, E. Hope, Rosier, and Carlotta Leclercq. New Scenery by Messrs. Perkins and Spong. Box Office open 10.0 till 5.0.—General Manager and Stage Manager, Mr. PHILIP BECK.

BANK HOLIDAY.  
AFTERNOON, THREE.  
NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.  
The best and most attractive entertainment in London, proudly defying all attempts at competition and rivalry.  
NEW MUSIC, NEW FEATURES, NEXT WEEK.  
Return of the esteemed favourite, MR. G. W. MOORE.  
Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30.  
Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall.  
Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AND GUILD-HALL ACADEMY OF ART EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at the Galleries, Guildhall. Admission, 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.—EDWARD WILLIAM PARKES, 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Hon. Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with “CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM,” and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

“ANNO DOMINI.” By EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CIGARETTE Picture of “CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB,” and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

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DAY DREAMS, Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.  
THE DAY OF RECKONING, S. E. WALLER.  
THE LONG SLEEP, BRITON RIVIÈRE.  
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, BRITON RIVIÈRE.  
VIOLA, Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.  
POMONA, J. E. MILLAIS.  
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A VERY FINE SELECTION OF ARTISTS' PROOFS.  
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.  
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AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY.—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
Extension of time for Return Tickets for distances over 10 miles, also the Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, August 2nd, will be available for Return on any day up to and including Wednesday, August 6th.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—From London Bridge 8.35 a.m. and 8.0 p.m., Victoria 8.30 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., Saturday, August 2nd.  
Returning from Paris on any day up to and including August 15th. Fare—First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd, and from Victoria 2.5 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.25 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon.  
Returning the following Tuesday by any train after 6.0 p.m. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, Saturday to Tuesday. Cheap Trains, Saturday, August 2nd, and from Victoria 1.0 p.m., London Bridge 2.50 p.m. Returning the following Tuesday. Fares to Portsmouth Town and back, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUGUST 4th.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonard's, Hastings, Havant, Portsmouth, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Liverpool Street, and East London Line Stations as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUGUST 5th, 6th, and 7th.  
LEWES RACES, AUGUST 8th and 9th.  
SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.—From London Bridge and Victoria.  
—Cheap Day Return Tickets.—From Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells and intermediate Stations, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only.  
Frequent extra Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.  
For full particulars see Handbills.  
(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.  
SCOTLAND.—Summer Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE. The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m. from St. Pancras) is now running:—

DOWN TRAINS.—WEEKDAYS		AD		C		BE		SUNDAYS	
		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep.	5 15	10 35	8 0	9 15	9 15	9 15		
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	arr.	4 37	8 55	—	7 40	7 40	7 40		
Greenock	..	5 50	9 40	—	8 12	8 12	8 12		
Edinburgh (Waverley)	..	4 34	8 40	5 47	7 25	7 25	7 25		
Perth	..	9 20	11 50	8 23	9 55	9 55	9 55		
Oban	..	—	4 45	12 15	2 34	2 34	2 34		
Aberdeen	..	—	3 20	11 40	2 15	2 15	2 15		
INVERNESS	..	—	8 0	1 30	6 20	6 20	6 20		

A.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. B.—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Sunday nights has no connection with Greenock, Oban, or places north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.  
C.—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D.—Pullman Drawing Room Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E.—Pullman Sleeping Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday nights.  
These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a Special Attendant. First Class Passengers travel in the Drawing Room Cars attached to Day Express Trains WITHOUT EXTRA PAYMENT. For Berth in Sleeping Car the charge is 8s., in addition to the First Class Fare.  
The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m. reaches Greenock in time to enable Passengers to join the “COLUMBA” or “IONA” Steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train, also by 10.35 a.m. from St. Pancras.  
For particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.  
JOHN NOBLE, General Manager, Midland Railway.

Derby, July, 1884.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.  
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE FROM LONDON, EUSTON STATION.									
TO CARLISLE AND SCOTLAND. WEEK DAYS ONLY.									
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Euston dep.	5 15	7 15	10 11	1 30	8 30	9 50	12 0	12 0	12 0
Carlisle arr.	1 20	3 50	5 25	7 0	9 45	3 30	4 10	4 55	9 10
Edinburgh	4 10	3 50	5 25	7 0	9 45	6 20	6 45	7 50	12 45
Glasgow	4 20	6 01	8 0	10 15	—	6 35	6 55	8 0	1 10

EXPRESS AND FAST TRAINS leave EUSTON for BIRMINGHAM at 5.15, 7.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 a.m.; 12.0 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 5.15, 6.30, 9.15 p.m., and 12.0 night. From EUSTON to MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL at 5.15, 7.30, 9.0, 10.10, 11.0 a.m.; (12.0 noon Manchester only) (12.10 Liverpool only), 1.30, 2.45, (4.0 Manchester only) (4.10 Liverpool only), 5.0, 6.30 (8.0 Manchester only), 9.15 p.m., and 12.0 night. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all Trains.  
Corresponding Trains are run in the opposite direction, for particulars of which, and complete Train Service, see the L. & N. W. R. Co.'s Time Tables.  
The TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON, and WILKESDEN JUNCTION will be OPEN throughout the Day, from MONDAY, July 28th, to MONDAY, August 4th, inclusive, so that Passengers obtain Tickets for any day to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington, at any time of the day prior to the starting of the Trains.  
TICKETS can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.  
On SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd, the EXPRESS TRAIN leaving LONDON (Euston) at 4.10, BIRMINGHAM (New Street) 5.50, LIVERPOOL (Lime Street) 7.35, and MANCHESTER (Exchange) at 7.30 p.m. WILL BE EXTENDED TO WINDERMERE. On the same day, SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), will leave LONDON (Euston Station) at 2.25 p.m. and 4.25 p.m., for BIRMINGHAM, calling at Rugby and Coventry only, and arriving at Birmingham (New Street) at 5.0 p.m. and 7.0 p.m. respectively.  
The Express Trains to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington, WILL NOT RUN on Monday, August 4th.  
For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.  
Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.  
Charges.—For distances under 6 Miles, One Shilling per Mile; minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over 6 Miles, or when 2 Horses are used at the request of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per Mile.  
Euston Station, July, 1884. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.



### OUR TORPEDO FLOTILLA

THE three torpedo boats forming the Chatham contingent of the torpedo flotilla which since assembled at Portland for exercise with the Channel Fleet had a trial run down to Sheerness on June 16th, prior to their leaving for Portsmouth a day or two later.

Upnor Castle, famous for its engagement with the Dutch fleet when they came up the Medway in the seventeenth century, forms a great contrast to these modern inventions of destructive ingenuity.

These boats are of great speed, and are built of three-eighths inch best steel, strengthened by girders at every eight inches, thus combining lightness and strength. As will be seen by the small sketch, the accommodation is limited, the engines taking up so much space. The torpedo gun is mounted on a revolving carriage in the bows, and is in action trained and fired from below by means of compressed air.

The boat is steered from the conning tower, just in rear of the gun.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant C. Field, Royal Marines, H.M.S. *Pembroke*, Chatham.

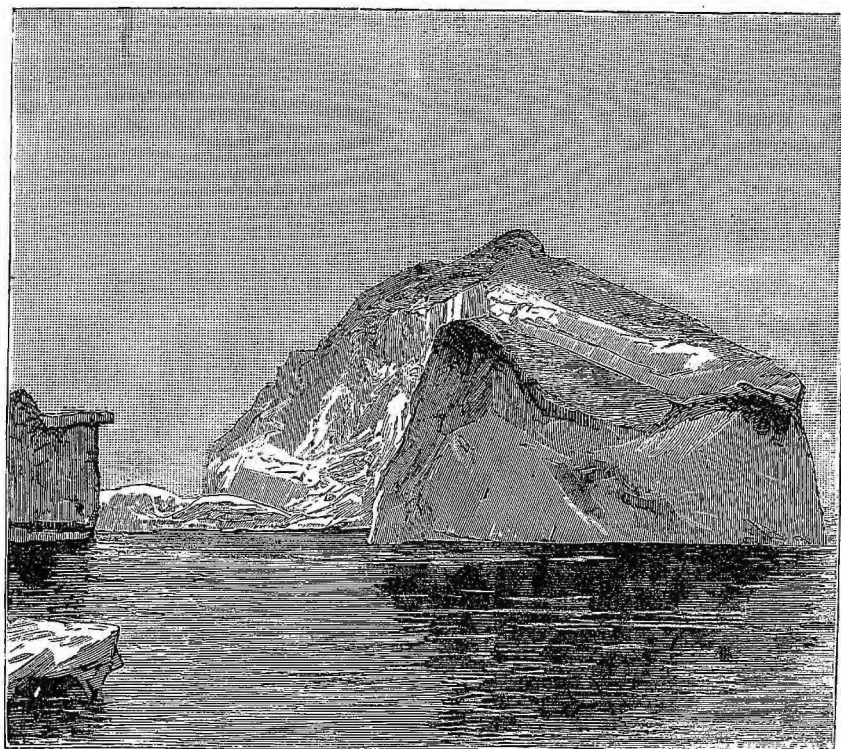
### ABYSSINIAN SKETCHES

#### SIGNING THE TREATY WITH KING JOHN

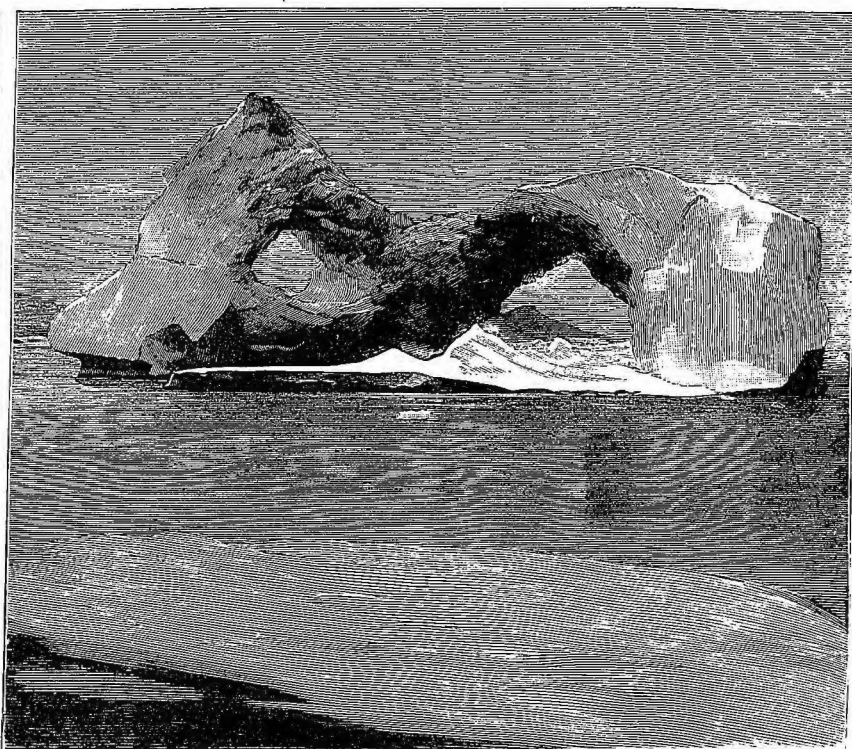
In the short space of one week from the coming of the King to meet our Mission at Adowa, all preliminaries of drawing up and translating the Treaty were made, and the documents were actually signed on the 3rd of June. A draft of this was telegraphed more than two months ago by their special correspondent to the *Daily News*; no alteration has taken place, and the Treaty runs as follows:—

“1. That from the date of its signature there shall be free transit through Massowah, to and from Abyssinia, for all goods, including arms and ammunition, under British protection. 2. On and after the 1st day of September, 1884, corresponding to the 8th day of Maskarram, 1877, the country called Bogos shall be restored to His Majesty the Negooza Negust; and when the troops of His Highness

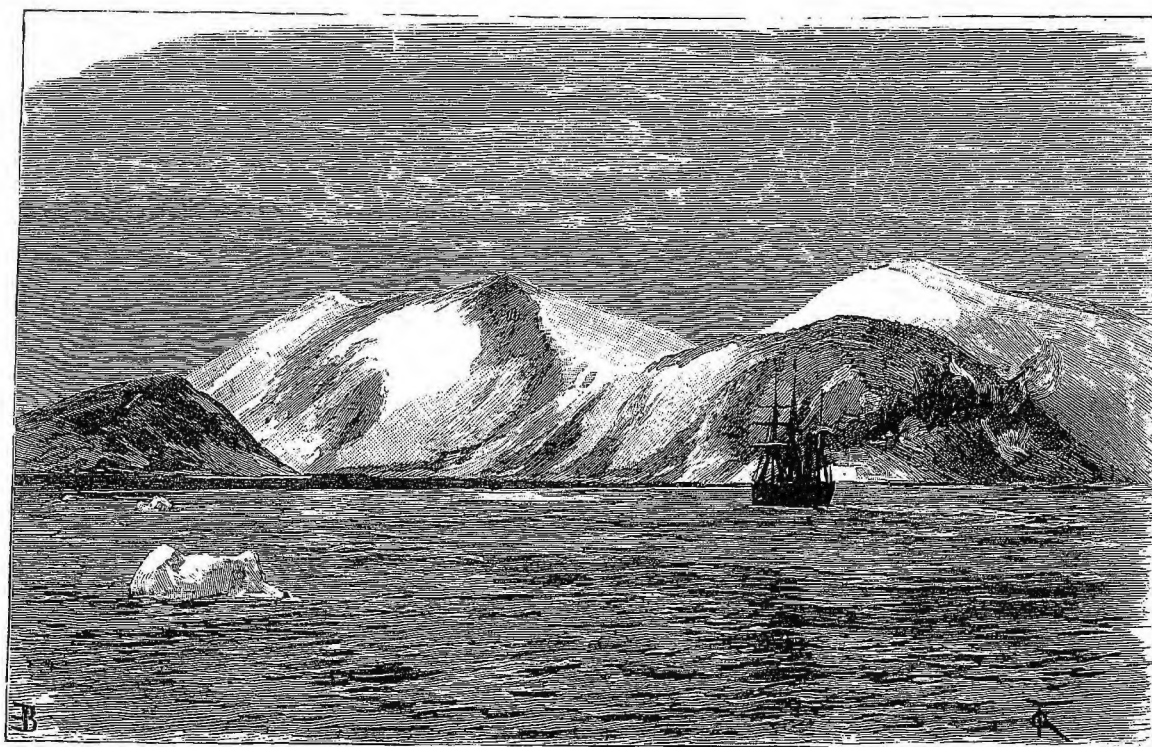




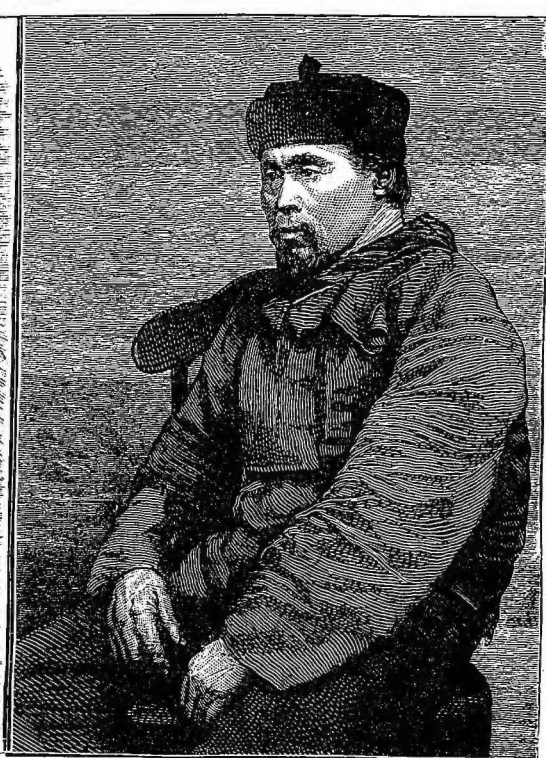
ICEBERG IN MELVILLE BAY



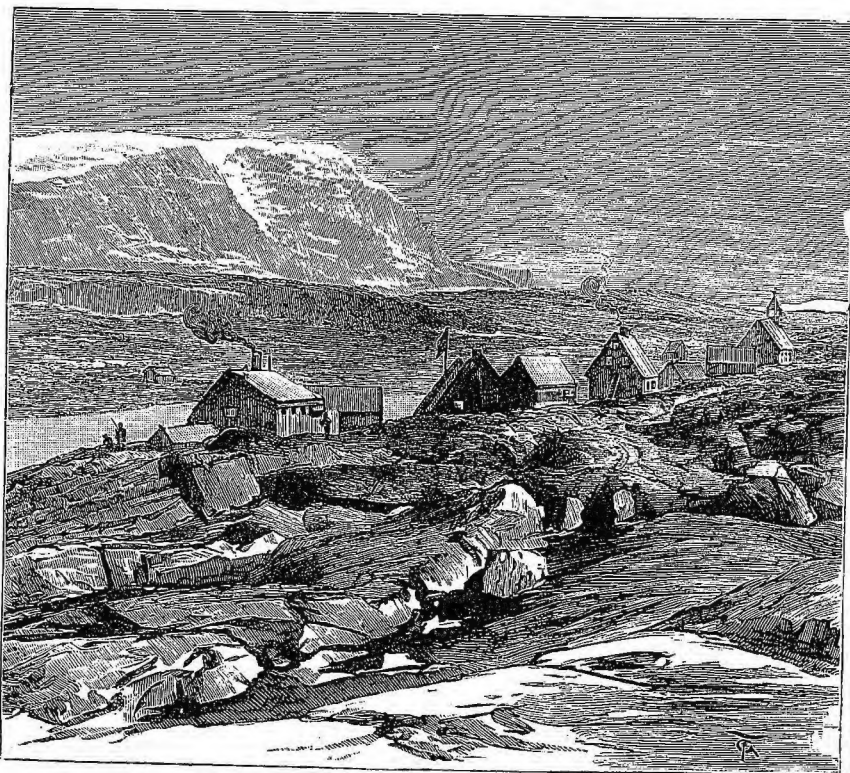
ARCHED ICEBERG IN SMITH SOUND



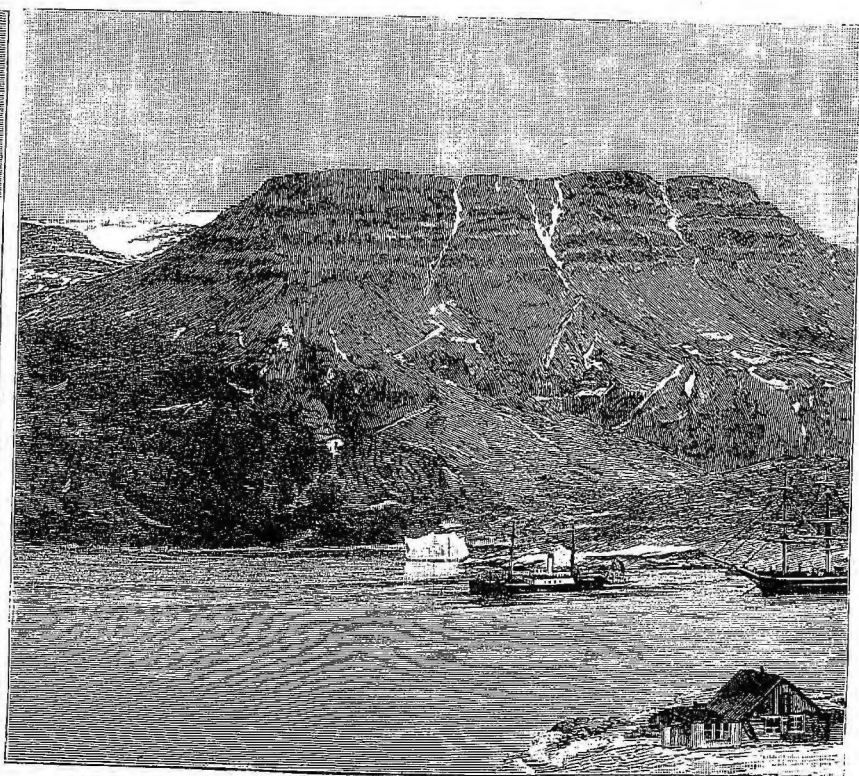
COAST OF IVSUGIGSOK, CAPE YORK



HANS HENRIK, AN ESKIMO INTERPRETER AND GUIDE



THE DANISH COLONY AT GODHAVN, LOOKING NORTH

DISCO ISLAND, WHERE ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION  
DIED ON THE WAY HOME

THE GREELY ARCTIC RELIEF EXPEDITION—SCENES ON THE ROUTE





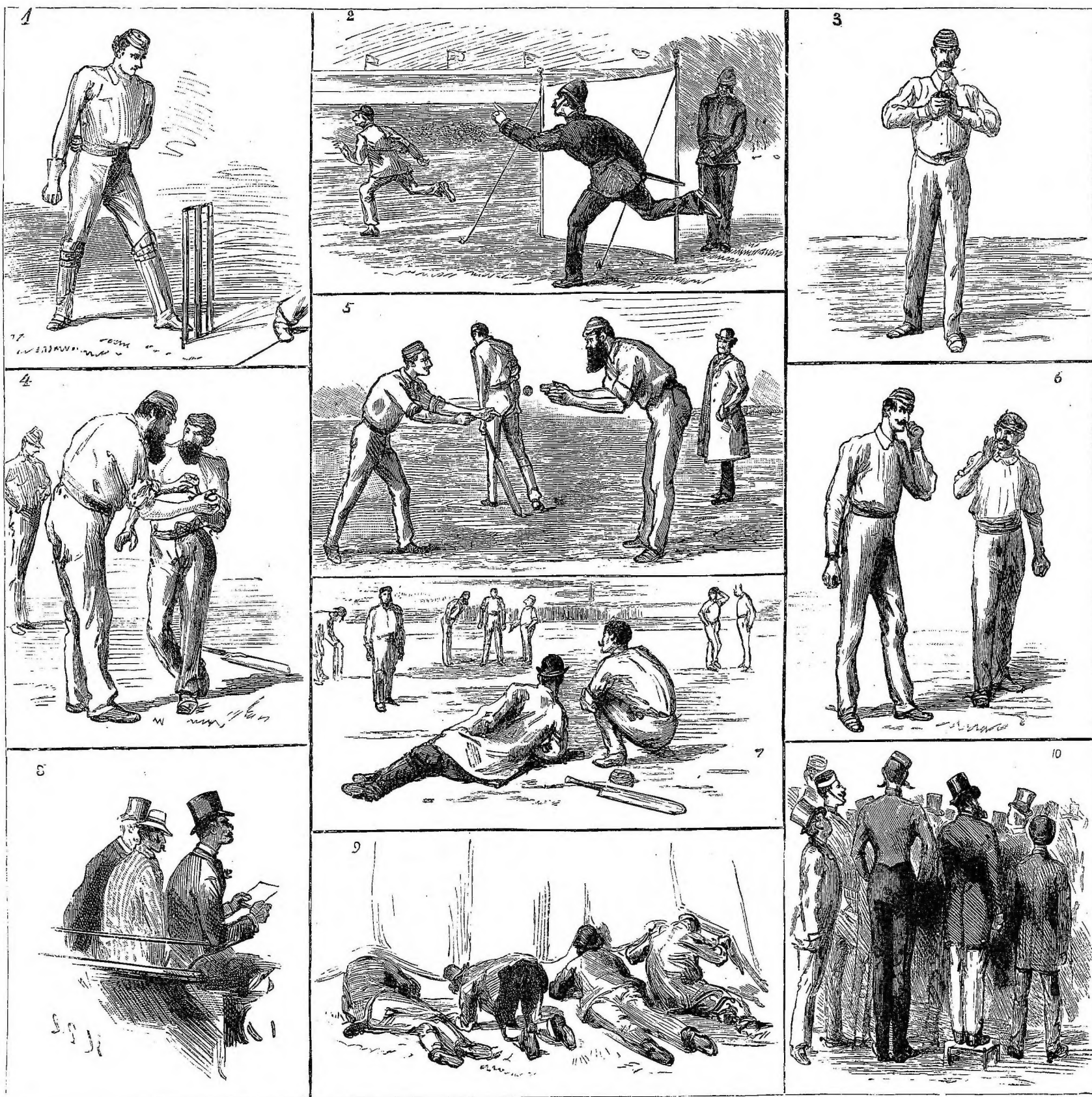
MRS. SOPHIA BRYANT  
First Lady Doctor of Science in England



MR. JOHAN SVERDRUP  
New Prime Minister of Norway



MISS M. C. DAVES  
First Lady Master of Arts in England



1. Lyttleton Waiting for a Rise.—2. Called Back: The Bobby and the Pickpocket.—3. The "Demon" Bowler.—4. "Better Not Play Any More, Blackham."—5. Grace and Steel Practice Catches at the Fall of Spofforth's Wicket.—6. "How Shall I Manage Barlow?" "Put On the Pace."—7. Well-earned Repose.—8. Lord Harris's Carriage at Lord's.—9. Behind the Screen.—10. Bigger than the Giant Bonnor.



the Khédive shall have left the garrisons of Kassala, Amedib, and Sanhit, the buildings in the Bogos country which now belong to His Highness the Khédive, together with all the stores and munitions of war which shall then remain in the said buildings, shall be delivered to and will become the property of His Majesty the Negoosa Negust. 3. His Majesty the Negoosa Negust engages to facilitate the withdrawal of the troops of His Highness the Khédive from Kassala, Amedib, and Sanhit, through Ethiopia to Massowah. 4. His Highness the Khédive engages to grant all the facilities which His Majesty the Negoosa Negust may require in the matter of appointing Aboonas for Ethiopia. 5. His Majesty the Negoosa Negust and His Highness the Khédive engage to deliver up, the one to the other, any criminal or criminals who may have fled, to escape punishment, from the dominions of one to the dominions of the other. 6. His Majesty the Negoosa Negust agrees to refer all differences with His Highness the Khédive which may arise after the signing of this Treaty to Her Britannic Majesty for settlement."

In addition to this there is a separate Treaty regarding the slave trade, which the Negus Negusti has every desire to suppress.

All the remaining members of the English Mission in Adowa (for several officers had been sent back with despatches) were present at the signing of the Treaty under a tent in the precincts of the Royal Palace. On this great occasion they were dressed in the various modes that the Royal favour of the King had presented to them. The Admiral, besides being furnished with his Royal toga of nobility, was almost lost to view in a shoulder-piece of lion's mane, or short cloak, with several tails. Mason Bey, Fallally, and Capt. Speedy were collared in a similar manner with the skins of the black leopard. Their appearance was more grotesque than artistic; for the European attire asserted itself beneath this Abyssinian splendour, and would not allow the toga to exhibit its folds as gracefully as on the naked skins of the natives of the country.

Their swords of honour they wore in Abyssinian fashion on their right sides. A silver gauntlet of quaint workmanship and shield of hide, bolted with silver, were also given by the King to the three principal officers of our Mission, the rest being silk-shirted, or togaed, receiving a piece of fine cotton cloth, with a silk-woven stripe down the centre.

The Negusti seal, with which the Treaty was signed, represents a lion's head engraved on a piece of metal, the surface of which is rubbed over with pigment, generally blue, and pressed on the paper.

F. V.

## MINOR SCENES

"AN Abyssinian eating raw flesh."—Bruce, the celebrated traveller, in the latter part of the eighteenth century was regarded by his countrymen as a romancer when he stated that the Abyssinians were fond of raw beefsteaks, but his assertions were perfectly true, and only the other day five hundred of King John's warriors, by way of celebrating the Treaty, sat down to one of these barbaric banquets.

"A Schoolboy in Irons."—This is a sketch from Adowa. Truants from school and little boys who do not learn their lessons are treated in this way, and are obliged to hop along by the aid of a rod.

"Peasant Woman Carrying Child."—The only remark necessary here is that the lady wears a sort of outside "dress improver," made of leather, which helps to support the little one on her back.

"Presents From the King."—As stated in a previous article, the British Mission had a long and weary wait at Adowa, extending over several weeks, before the capricious King John made his appearance, but when at last he did come, the inevitable presents passed mutually to and fro. It need scarcely be said that in money value ours were the better. These black sheep were among the royal gifts.

"Uniform of a follower of the Mahdi."—"I saw," says Mr. Claude Vincent, in a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an Arab who came with the Mahdi's message to Hussein Pasha Khalifa's son, announcing that Berber had been stormed. He was dressed in the Mahdi's uniform, a curious dress of coarse white cotton, on which was worked a single pattern of blue, and he carried a native iron sword in a leather sheath in his left hand."

## THE GREELY EXPEDITION

THE surviving members of this Expedition were found at the last point of exhaustion. Only six were left out of the original party of twenty-five, including the leader, Lieut. Greely, and these survivors could hardly have lived forty-eight hours longer unaided. Since they landed in Lady Franklin Bay in August, 1881, to establish a meteorological station in connection with the International Observations scheme, the Greely party had had no communication with the outside world. Three expeditions were sent to their help, but each failed. All went well, however, till last August, when provisions ran short, and the explorers, seeing no prospect of a vessel reaching them, left their comparatively safe quarters and turned south. But the season was unfavourable, they could not advance far enough, and, taking refuge on an ice-floe, they were carried along for thirty days, till on October 21st they reached Cape Sabine, near the mouth of Smith Sound, in lat. 79° N. In this desolate spot they camped, living in snow huts, and subsisting on the stores left by Sir G. Nares in 1875, and by the two unsuccessful relief vessels. When these supplies failed they ate their sealskin clothing, with a few shrimps and lichens. Gradually the weaker members starved to death, one was drowned in fishing, and when the relief party found the miserable remnant on June 21st, Lieut. Greely was reading the prayers for the dying, while two of his companions were unable to move, and the others could hardly crawl. The search party had great difficulty in forcing a passage, the season being very late. On reaching Brevoort Island they found a record stating that the Greely party had formed a camp at Cape Sabine, so after struggling through a tremendous gale they rescued the survivors, and brought them back to the *Thetis* and *Bear*. At first the unfortunate men were in a most precarious condition, weak alike in mind and body, but they have fairly recovered, except Corporal Ellison, whose hands and feet were frozen off, and who died from exhaustion on the way home. From a scientific point of view the expedition has been highly successful, and America now claims the honour over England of having reached the furthest northern point. In May, 1883, Lieutenant Lockwood, since dead, penetrated to Lockwood Island, in lat. 83° 24', long. 44° 5'; while Commander Markham had only reached 83° 20' 26". No land was seen to the north or north-west; but Greenland and Cape Robert Lincoln were to the north-east. There was no evidence of the Nares theory of a sea of palæocrystic ice. Indeed, the Lieutenant was driven back by open water, and narrowly escaped being drifted away by the strong currents. Lieutenant Greely explored Grinnell Land, where he found Lake Hazen, a considerable body of water, and discovered that the district was an island, ice-capped in the interior. Happily, all the records of the expedition have been preserved, though the photographs are lost. Lieutenant Greely has brought away the flag left by Sir G. Nares at his furthest point.

Our illustrations show views from the route followed by the Relief Expedition, viz., the Danish colony, Godhavn, at Disco Island in Baffin's Bay, one of the northernmost Danish settlements in Greenland, and where one of the survivors of the ill-starred expedition died. Another illustration shows the curious basalt mountains of Disco Island, from which the geologists have, by extracting remarkable fossils, derived the knowledge that these parts of the globe, now covered with perpetual ice and snow, had once a tropical climate. The illustration of icebergs at sea in Melville Bay and at the entrance to Smith's Sound show what formidable obstacles the

Relief Expedition had to encounter, as well as the peculiar action which the elements of nature exercise on these Polar-born blocks. The shore of Ivssigigsook, near Cape York, at the entrance to Smith's Sound, gives us an idea of the barrenness and desolation of these regions; while the portrait of Hans Henrik shows us the celebrated Eskimo interpreter and guide—now a Christian—who accompanied Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nares, and Nordenskjöld on their Polar expeditions.

We are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings have been made to the eminent Swedish geologist, Professor A. G. Nathorst. They were taken during the visit of the Nordenskjöld Expedition to these parts last summer.

## MRS. SOPHIA BRYANT, D.Sc.

THE London University can now boast of a lady Doctor of Science, Mrs. Sophia Bryant, Mathematical Mistress in the North London Collegiate School for Ladies, Camden Road, a school which has been so long conducted under the superintendence of Miss Buss. Mrs. Bryant matriculated in the University in 1879, gaining the second place in the Honours division. She passed the Intermediate Examination in Science in 1880, obtaining a place in first division at the Pass Examination and the second place in the second class in Mathematical honours. At the Bachelor of Science Examination in 1881 she was again placed in the first division at the Pass Examination, and passed with double honours, being placed alone in the second class in Mathematics, and gaining the first place in the first class in Mental and Moral Science. At the Examination for the degree of Doctor of Science she stands alone in the sixteenth branch of examination, the requirements of which are a "thorough practical knowledge" of psychology, logic, and ethics, and a "general acquaintance" with the physiology of the nervous system and organs of sense in man and other animals; with the history of philosophy, political philosophy, and political economy.

The only other candidate who has obtained the D.Sc. degree in the same branch is Mr. Prasanna Kumar Ray, now Professor in the University of Calcutta. There were in all twelve candidates for the D.Sc. degree at the recent examination, of whom six only have passed.

Mrs. Bryant, who is a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Willoch, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, has been recently appointed one of the Lecturers for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and is the only lady holding that post.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Robinson, 65, Grafton Street, Dublin.

## THE NEW NORWEGIAN PREMIER

THE late victory of the Liberals in Norway is the most important and interesting political event in the history of the country since the declaration of its Independence in 1814. The King has called upon Mr. Johan Sverdrup, the President of the Storting and leader of the Liberal party, to form a Ministry, and on the 26th June the new Ministry, consisting of prominent men of this party in and out of the Storting, was definitely appointed. This means the sanction of various measures which have been in contention between the Executive and the Legislative for many years, the introduction of Parliamentary government, and in consequence the establishment, once for all, of Ministerial responsibility to the representatives of the people, which hitherto has been considered unnecessary in otherwise democratic Norway. King Oscar II. has done wisely in refusing to listen any longer to the voices of the small reactionary party in the country, and has acted as a constitutional King should do, in appointing the man of the people's choice to the chief of his Council. The name of Johan Sverdrup, the new Prime Minister, is in fact a household word in Norway, intimately connected with every political event of any importance in the country during the last thirty years. To Mr. Sverdrup, more than to any other man, belongs the honour of the successful issue of the long constitutional struggle from which the country has just emerged. Mr. Sverdrup was born on the 16th of July, 1816. He lost his mother when he was only four years of age, after which his aunt is said to have had considerable influence over the boy, and early implanted in him the principles of 1789: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. He went to Christiania when he was seventeen years old to study law, and took his degree in 1841. He was then engaged as chief clerk to a county judge for a couple of years, during which time he came much into contact with the peasantry, and learnt to love and appreciate these honest and sturdy sons of the soil. He was married in 1844, and removed to Laurvik, a small town in the south of Norway, where he practised as a lawyer for some years. Here he soon became very popular with the working classes, and was in 1851 elected a member of the Storting for this town. Some years afterwards he settled in Christiania, and in 1859 became member for the county of Akershus, which he has represented ever since.

In the Storting Mr. Sverdrup joined the opposition party, of which he became the recognised leader. He is the champion of the sovereignty of the people, and has during his long Parliamentary life carried on an unceasing warfare against the bureaucratic party, in consequence of which he has met with much abuse. Some years ago he remarked, in one of his speeches in the Storting: "All power must be gathered in this hall." He has come victoriously out of the long struggle for this consummation, and has placed the Norwegian people on a level with the most free and enlightened countries of the world. He was President of the Odelsting (the Lower Chamber) from 1862-71, since which time he has been the President of the Storting. His unremitting labours for the admittance of the Ministers to the Storting have at last been crowned with success, and he himself is the first Norwegian Prime Minister who has addressed the people's representatives from his place in their House. This interesting event took place before the Storting was prorogued in the early part of last month, when the whole of the new Ministry took their seats in the National Assembly for the first time.

Mr. Sverdrup is a brilliant and eloquent speaker and powerful debater, which, in conjunction with his great statesmanlike qualities, fairly entitle him to be called the "Gladstone of Norway."—Our portrait is from a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

The other members of the new Ministry are Mr. Ole Richter (the able Consul-General for Sweden and Norway in London for the last six years), Minister of State in attendance upon the King at Stockholm; Mr. Ludvig Daas, Minister of War; Mr. A. Sörensen, Minister of Justice; Mr. B. Haugland, Minister of Finance; Mr. S. Arctander, Minister of the Interior; Professor Blix, Minister of Education; and Assessor Stang and Pastor Jacob Sverdrup, Councillors of State at Stockholm.

## MISS M. C. DAWES, M.A.

FOR the first time in this country a lady has obtained the Degree of Master of Arts. The lady in question is Miss Mary Clara Dawes, daughter of the Rev. John S. Dawes, D.D., of Surbiton, S.W., and is twenty-two years old. Miss Dawes passed the Matriculation Examination in Honours, January, 1879, and in July of the same year the Intermediate Examination for B.A., obtaining First Class, and gaining the Second Gilchrist Exhibition, and also taking Honours in German; for these examinations she was entirely prepared at home. Also in June of the same year she obtained a Scholarship for Girton College, Cambridge, where she entered the following October. At the end of the usual Academic residence of

three years she passed out in Honours in the Classical Tripos. After her Cambridge course she resumed her studies for the London University at Bedford College, London, and in October, 1883, passed the final B.A. Examination, being placed in the First Division, and gaining Honours in Classics and German. At the examination just concluded she was placed fourth on the list of Masters of Arts for the year who have taken the Degree in the first branch of Examination, that is, in Classics, with Ancient and Modern History.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall, 164, New Bond Street.

## ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA

IN spite of the counter attractions of the Franchise Demonstration in Hyde Park, fully 20,000 people assembled at Lord's on Monday, the 21st ult., to see this great contest fought out. A thoroughly representative English Eleven had been selected, but many remembered how an equally fine Eleven had gone down before the "Cornstalks" in 1882 at the Oval, and a close match was expected. This year three matches under the above title had been arranged, but the first at Manchester had been drawn owing to rain, and thus great interest was excited by this, the second of the series. The Australians went in first, and owing to Peate's fine bowling, which they have always found very puzzling, nine wickets were down for 160 runs. Then Boyle came in, and, in spite of Mr. Lyttelton's efforts to catch him tripping, he and Scott raised the score to 229 before they were parted. Next, the English Eleven went to the wickets, and put together the fine total of 379. Every one, except Lord Harris and Peate, who was "not out," made double figures. The patient Barlow was like a stone wall, and baffled every effort of the bowlers; but the feature of the match was Mr. Steel's magnificent innings. All the bowling he hit with equal confidence. Palmer bowled his artfullest; the "Demon" his swiftest, so swiftly, indeed, that even Blackham, the "Prince of Wicket-Keepers," had to retire several paces behind the stumps; but not till Steel had made 148 did a ball find its way to his wicket.

150 runs being wanted to save the single-innings defeat, the chances of the Colonists did not look very bright, but they are so good at playing an up-hill game that hardly before the last wicket fell was the match thought to be won. But Ulyett rivalled Spofforth in the speed and accuracy of his deliveries, and on the somewhat "bald-headed" wicket was almost unplayable. He obtained seven wickets for only 36 runs, and Blackham received such a nasty blow on the hand from a fast-rising ball, that he had to retire hurt. The innings closed for 145, and a tremendous burst of cheering greeted England's victory by an innings and 5 runs.

Our sketches are self-explanatory, but with reference to the last of them it may be said that Bonnor is 6 ft. 6 in. in height, and probably the hardest hitter in the world.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. G. H. Cooper.

## THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY'S DAUGHTER

AND

## A PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR

See page 108

## THE CERTOSA DI PESIO

Is situated in the mountains of Piedmont, six hours' journey from Turin, at the junction of the old Via Emilia and Via Giulia, in Roman times a point of great importance. The Saracens possessed it from 800 to 972, and the name Mauri is still common in the valley. Cantù ("Storia Universale") tells of the prosperity which for many centuries succeeded the peaceful establishment of the Carthusians here 200 years later. This is typified in the legend of the Bd. Antonino (whose frescoed portrait is still on the entrance bridge); he is said to have ascended the rugged cross-surmounted peak, still the resort of the tourist and the pilgrim, and to have passed a hundred years in a sublime vision.

The miracles which took place during this period so disturbed the quiet of the monastery, that the Prior was obliged to order him to discontinue them. During this same Priorate Louis XI. came here to hide from his father Charles VII.; Bd. Antonino predicted his speedy ascension of the throne; and when this was fulfilled, he testified his gratitude by offering a magnificent embroidered cope, which was held in honour till the desolation of the monastery under Napoleon I.

After this it remained in ruins till a local worthy obtained of Pius VI. permission to restore it as a Health Resort; the water-power supplied by the Pesio has also supplied it with easy means for establishing the hydropathic cure. It thus became a place of villeggiatura for the nobility of Piedmont, as Valdieri is for the middle-class.

The indefatigable British searchers after the picturesque are now beginning to find it out, and the boarded floors, plastered walls, and simple fare which satisfied the Piedmontese, at six francs a day, is being superseded by modern luxuries, including the electric light and lawn tennis, at a doubled rate, but still not extravagant, as it would be impossible to find, for the over-taxed brain, a more charming retreat than is afforded by these cloistered passages and varied walks. The monks laboured, and the British tourist is entering into their labours, the meadows are drained and irrigated, the hillsides laid out in walks of easy gradients, and the whole are shaded by ancient chesnut trees which supply *marrons glacés* to all the confectioners of Europe.

The mountaineer will find longer excursions, such as the source of the Pesio, 3,800 feet, the Vacarile Peak, the Picco della Croce, and the Cascina di San Michele, each about 3,500 feet, and the more arduous Col di Tenda. The Certosa itself stands about 2,700 feet above the sea level, and in the winter is surrounded by four or five feet of snow. Its only inhabitants then are a party of fine Alpine dogs who have it in their charge, but who in the summer season (June till near the end of September) make themselves the friendly companions of the guests, among whom, with canine sagacity, they do not fail to distinguish the English as their natural friends. One of these, Aida, died last year, after having in her time gifted the world with 110 beautiful puppies; Radames and Zuleika bid fair to continue the traditions of the race.—Our illustrations are from sketches made on the spot by Miss R. H. Busk.

## BRITISH YACHTSMEN

See page 115

## "FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 113.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK

See page 116

## A DAY'S WORK ON A CATTLE STATION

These engravings are descriptive of a cattle muster on a newly-formed station in Queensland.

No. 1 represents our departure from the head station (seven well-mounted men) for a part of the "run," distant about fifteen miles. We travel by moonlight for the purpose of having a cool ride, and have sent on, some hours before, a dray with provisions for our comfort.

No. 2. "Our Camp on Arrival."—We "hobble out" our horses—



that is, we fasten their two forelegs together, which prevents them roaming far before we require their services again at daylight next morning. This is the only method of securing them when there are no fences for perhaps 100 miles. The horse in the foreground has not been "hobbled" before, and at first "plays up" greatly, but by degrees becomes used to the fetters, and then browses off quietly like the rest.

No. 3. "Our Camp at Daylight."—Every man on starting takes a different direction, and drives all the cattle he finds to a given point; when all meet, bringing their different "mobs," then comes the work of "cutting-out," or dividing, whether for the purpose of separating the male from the female cattle, or of procuring the fattest for market purposes.

No. 4 shows the "mob" in the background, naturally very wild, because they sometimes run months without being "handled." They are being kept together by several horsemen, who have to use their whips freely to prevent their breaking off in all directions. A couple of the best riders, and generally either the manager or overseer of the station, mounted on what we call good "cutting-out" horses, keep themselves employed going in and out of the "mob," selecting cattle not suitable for the market. When they find these they run them out. Our friend in this sketch is endeavouring to persuade a "bugle-horned" bullock (so-called from the shape of his horn) to leave the "mob." He manages to do so, but not without assistance and considerable excitement.

No. 5.—Our friend on the ground has been thrown from his horse—a very awkward position, but not an uncommon one during many of these cattle musters. In this case the "bugle-horn" lets him off easily, being almost as frightened as our friend himself.

No. 6 shows us a little amusement with a "cock-horned" bullock. From the nature of his horns he is a sort of animal to be avoided as much as possible, especially if by accident one is compelled to dismount.

No. 7 shows the continued violence of the "cock-horn."

No. 8.—After twelve hours' hard riding, and after having delivered the cattle to drovers to take to market, we are seen, all more or less tired, "jig-jogging" slowly back to the head-station, where we do justice to a solid meal, and afterwards smoke and talk of the day's work, condition of the cattle, and speculate upon what price they are likely to realise in market when they reach it. This destination is often as much as three months' travelling for them at the rate of ten miles a day.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. A. Collins.

NOTE.—We omitted to mention last week that our engravings of the Clyde Regatta were from instantaneous photographs by an amateur, Mr. W. J. Finlayson, of the Oaks, Johnstone, N.B.



IT IS NOT NOW EXPECTED that Parliament will be prorogued before St. Grouse's Day.

LEICESTER, Nottingham, Sheffield, Merthyr, and, above all, Manchester, are among the industrial centres at which during the past week Liberal demonstrations have been held in support of the Franchise Bill, and in opposition to the Peers. At the principal of the three meetings at Manchester on Saturday Mr. Bright presided, and both he and Lord Hartington twice during the day addressed large and enthusiastic assemblages. Referring to the charge of inconsistency brought against him in connection with his former declarations of the necessity for conjoining Redistribution with an extension of the Franchise, Mr. Bright spoke of oral and written communications having passed between himself and Mr. Disraeli when the latter was introducing his Reform Bill in 1867, and he said that in one of them he advised Mr. Disraeli to defer Redistribution until the Franchise was extended. Mr. Bright also mentioned the interesting fact that Mr. Disraeli then informed him of his wish, after so many years of heavy responsibility, to retire from the leadership of the Conservative party as soon as the Reform question was settled. In his principal speech Lord Hartington repeated both Mr. Gladstone's defence of the separation of Redistribution from Franchise-extension, and the Premier's apology for discouraging a movement against the House of Lords, saying that to secure the passing of a Redistribution Bill it was necessary to hold *in terrorem* over the heads of both Liberals and Conservatives an appeal to the new constituencies voting in the old electoral areas, and that with the work they had in hand, and the obstruction in the House of Commons, for which the Peers were not responsible, it was more desirable to improve the procedure of the Lower House than to attack the Upper. In spite of this declaration Mr. Bright put from the Chair to a meeting which carried it all but unanimously a resolution affirming the veto-power of the House of Peers to be an intolerable anomaly that ought to be abolished.—On Wednesday Lord Northbrook addressed a large meeting at Hull, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre one at Reading, in support of the Franchise Bill and in defence of the Government.

A CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES, appointed by the chief Liberal Associations of the country, was held in St. James's Hall on Wednesday. Mr. John Morley, M.P., presided, and in the course of his opening speech said that no power on earth could separate henceforth the question of mending the House of Commons from the question of mending or ending the House of Lords, a statement received with loud applause, the whole assembly rising and waving their hats. Sir John Lubbock moved a resolution condemning the action of the House of Peers in regard to the Franchise Bill as "factious and unpatriotic." This was carried unanimously; as was also one affirming the necessity for reforming the Constitution, so as to "put an end to the power of the House of Lords to thwart the will of the people." Mr. Samuel Morley, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Joseph Arch, and Mr. Bradlaugh were among the speakers.

AMONG CONSERVATIVE COUNTER-DEMONSTRATIONS have been one or two opening a series to be held in the parks of Opposition landowners. At Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland, Sir Stafford Northcote spoke, and Lord Carnarvon in Osterley Park, near Southall, Lord Jersey's seat. Large Conservative meetings have also been held at Cardiff and Newtown. But the most important, in some respects, of the Opposition gatherings was that in London on Monday, when Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote addressed 1,000 representatives of the Conservatives of sixteen constituencies and 298 political Associations in the Metropolis and the Home Counties. Lord Salisbury commented severely on Mr. Gladstone's threat, previously mentioned as repeated by Lord Hartington at Manchester, and said that the pretension which it involved of the application of compulsion by a Prime Minister to both Houses of Parliament had never before been made in our history. He illustrated his view of a Ministerial scheme of Redistribution by referring to what happened in 1868, when, in opposition to the recommendations of the Boundary Commissioners, the Liberals succeeded in throwing into two counties, where Liberal votes were needed, the electors of Aston, which was nothing but a suburb of Birmingham, and which ought, for electoral purposes, to have been included in that borough. Then, again, Mr. Gladstone had laid down the principle that the further a district was from the metropolis the greater its claim to representa-

tion in Parliament. If this principle were carried out, the claims of London and the Southern Counties, where Conservatism was strong, would be regarded unfavourably, and sacrificed to the aggrandisement of Liberalism in Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland, where it was now predominant. Lord Salisbury asked if it was possible that, knowing Mr. Gladstone to have laid down this principle, we could with full confidence allow him to draw up his own Redistribution Bill and bring it before the two Houses of Parliament, who are to consider it, as Lord Hartington said, "under pressure and under compulsion." On Wednesday Sir Michael Hicks Beach addressed a Conservative meeting at Stroud, and Mr. W. H. Smith one at Hackney, much interrupted by Liberal dissentients.

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN have come to the decision, which has been acquiesced in by nearly all its branches, that it is inadvisable for the latter to take a side in the controversy and contest now being waged by Liberals and Conservatives on the subject of the Franchise Bill and the future of the House of Lords.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, the African explorer, arrived on Monday at Plymouth from the Congo. Before landing he intimated in conversation his belief that General Gordon, being well provided with stores and ammunition, and having a large force under his command, was not only quite strong enough to meet the Mahdi, but to force his way through the country, and escape by the Congo, the Nile, or across the Desert to Zanzibar. To escape by way of the Congo was as easy as to go from Plymouth to London. Mr. Stanley derided the suggested expedition for the relief of Khartoum, saying that the men would die like flies when the summer sun is waning.

IT WAS PREMATURELY ANNOUNCED by the newspapers last week that on Tuesday, the 22nd July, the Governing Body of Eton College had appointed to the Head Mastership Dr. Warre, who has been Assistant Master of Eton under three successive Head Masters. The appointment has been made, but not until Tuesday in this week, the 29th ult.

THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES have selected corps and detachments of corps of the Volunteer force in the Home Counties and the South of England to be formed into eight battalions, consisting of about 6,000 officers and men, and to proceed to Aldershot on the 9th inst. for eight days' training with the Regular troops.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of the Common Council it was resolved by a majority of 83 to 58 to construct a low-level bridge across the Thames, with mechanical openings, at the end of Little Tower Hill.

IN THE REPORT just issued of the Postmaster-General it is admitted that the Parcels Post has not had the success anticipated for it. Credit, however, is taken for the great improvement which its competition has led the railway companies to introduce into their arrangements for the despatch and delivery of parcels, as well as for the consequent reduction in their charges.

THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY have awarded one of their medals to a boy of ten, and another to a boy of thirteen, for gallantry in rescuing children from drowning on the coasts of Carmarthenshire and Devonshire respectively.

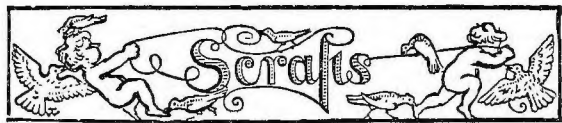
THERE TURNS OUT to have been no truth in the report that Asiatic cholera was the malady which had attacked one of the sailors of the *St. Dunstan*, landed at Liverpool on the arrival of that vessel from Marseilles. He is now convalescent.

AT THE FIRST MEETING, in Belfast, of the British Medical Association, Professor Cumin, of that town, was appointed President for the ensuing year, in which capacity he delivered an address dealing principally with parasitic germs as causes of disease.

ON SATURDAY, in the garden of the Thames Embankment adjoining Charing Cross Station, Lord Rosebery unveiled a statue of Robert Burns, executed by Sir John Steel, Her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland, and presented by Mr. J. S. Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant. After a brief speech from its donor, in which he spoke of his gift as springing from a desire to leave something behind him to testify to the happiness he had derived from a long residence in London, Lord Rosebery delivered a genial address, in the course of which he laid stress on the opportunities for meditation and communion with nature, which, as well as physical strength, Burns derived from following the plough. The very class, Lord Rosebery remarked incidentally, to which the poet belonged was that whose enfranchisement was now being discussed. Lord Houghton and Sir Lyon Playfair were among the other speakers, and among the numerous spectators, chiefly Scotch, was Mr. Robert Browning.

FURTHER NEWS has been received of the collision on August 21st off Cape Finisterre, between the English steamer *Laxham*, from Taganrog for Rotterdam, and the outward-bound Spanish mail steamer *Gijon*, from Corunna to Cuba. The *Gijon* ran into the much smaller *Laxham*, and the two vessels were interlocked for several seconds, during which most of the crew of the *Laxham*, with the captain and his wife and child, clambered over the bulwarks into the *Gijon*. Finding, when the *Gijon* receded, that three of the crew of the *Laxham* had been left on board, one of them who had escaped went forth in a gig with some Spanish sailors, and brought away from the *Laxham*, which was sinking, those still on board of her. Rowing back they met two boats crowded with sailors and passengers, chiefly from the *Gijon*, which had sunk in the interval. The boat with the survivors of the *Laxham*, after a terrible night at sea, was picked up in the morning by a French steamer, which took those on board, four Englishmen and nine Spaniards, to London. There is considerable uncertainty in regard to the fate of the captain of the *Laxham*, and of his wife and child, as well as to that of one or two of its passengers and some of the remainder of its crew, who were twenty in number all told. It is said that the steamer *San Domingo* picked up and landed at Corunna nine of them, with a number of persons who had been on board the *Gijon*.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of the Hon. and Rev. Canon Lyttelton, son of the third Baron Lyttelton, for thirty-seven years Rector of Hagley, where is the seat of the Lyttelton family, an active philanthropist, and copious writer on religious and social topics, in his 64th year; of Sir Charles Newe, Bart., head of the mercantile firm of Sir C. Forbes and Co., of Bombay, in his 64th year; of Colonel J. C. Travers, who distinguished himself in the Crimean War, his "gallant conduct" in the attack on the Redan being mentioned in Lord West's despatch, and who served in the Afghan Expeditions of 1878-80, at the age of 49; of the Rev. Isaac Spooner, Vicar of Edgbaston (son of the late Mr. R. Spooner, M.P.), who occupied a prominent position among Evangelical Churchmen, in his 76th year; of Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, daughter of the late William and Mary Howitt, and wife of the son and recent biographer of Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, the poet and litterateur, in her 57th year; and of the Rev. Mark Pattison, the distinguished Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, in his 71st year. In his early Oxford years Mr. Pattison was a follower of John Henry Newman, but his opinions underwent such a change that in 1860 he figured among the contributors to *Essays and Reviews* as the writer of the paper on "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750." He was a frequent contributor to periodicals, and especially to the *Saturday Review*. In the world of letters he is best known as the biographer of Isaac Casaubon and by his monograph on Milton in the "English Men of Letters" series. For some months before his death he was dictating, with a view to publication, reminiscences of his childhood and education, and of the earlier years of his Oxford career.



A "BEEROLOGICAL" CONGRESS is the inharmonious title coined for a recent gathering of Teutonic brewers at Berlin.

THE LITTLE CHANNEL ISLAND OF HERM was put up to auction on Tuesday, but no adequate offer was made for the property.

MISS BECKWITH'S SWIM ACROSS THE CHANNEL will probably be attempted next week, when the tides and temperature of the water are considered most favourable for the exploit.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.—The Royal Academy has been open every evening this week at half-price from 7.30 to 10.30, the catalogue being sold for 6d. On Bank Holiday the admission will be 6d. during the whole day.

A SHIP-CANAL ACROSS IRELAND has been proposed which would enable vessels to make the passage between Galway Bay and Kingstown in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The canal would be 127 miles long, and would contain 30 locks.

A CURIOUS CONGO VILLAGE will be shown at the Antwerp Exhibition next year. The Belgian African Association will build up a regular negro settlement, the chief hut being surrounded by the poorer native cabins, where representatives of the different tribes will illustrate the various national industries. An authentic "fetish man" will also appear.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT WORK FROM THE BLENHEIM COLLECTION has been offered to the Government for purchase—Sir Joshua Reynolds's group of the second Duke of Marlborough with his wife and children. Next to the Raphael and Vandyck, this picture is considered the most valuable example in the collection, while it is the largest work Sir Joshua ever painted.

MAKING GAS FROM CITY REFUSE has been tried successfully in New York. A pound of rubbish was picked up at random in the street—old rags, leather, vegetable stumps, bones, crusts, eggshells and cigar ends—and when placed in a retort produced a clear steady flame, quite as good as that generally used for illuminating purposes. This quantity gave light for half-an-hour, and yielded twenty-two feet of gas.

SUNDAY RECREATION is being warmly discussed across the Atlantic just now, thanks to an innovation introduced by the New York authorities. The public concerts hitherto given in Central Park on Saturdays now take place on Sunday afternoons, much to the enjoyment of numbers of the poorer classes. American Sabbarians, however, are furious, and are getting up petitions against all such sinful proceedings; while their opponents, encouraged by the success of the concerts, suggest the Sunday opening of libraries, museums, and galleries.

THE DISTRESS CAUSED BY THE CHOLERA IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE has produced an appeal from the British Consul, and other English gentlemen at Marseilles, to those numbers of English people who have visited this district for business, health, or pleasure. They ask for money, linen, and other useful contributions, to relieve the suffering caused, not by disease alone, but by a cessation of trade, and promise personally to superintend its distribution. Contributions to be sent to the British Consul, C. G. Perceval, Esq., at the Consulate, 40, Rue République, Marseilles.

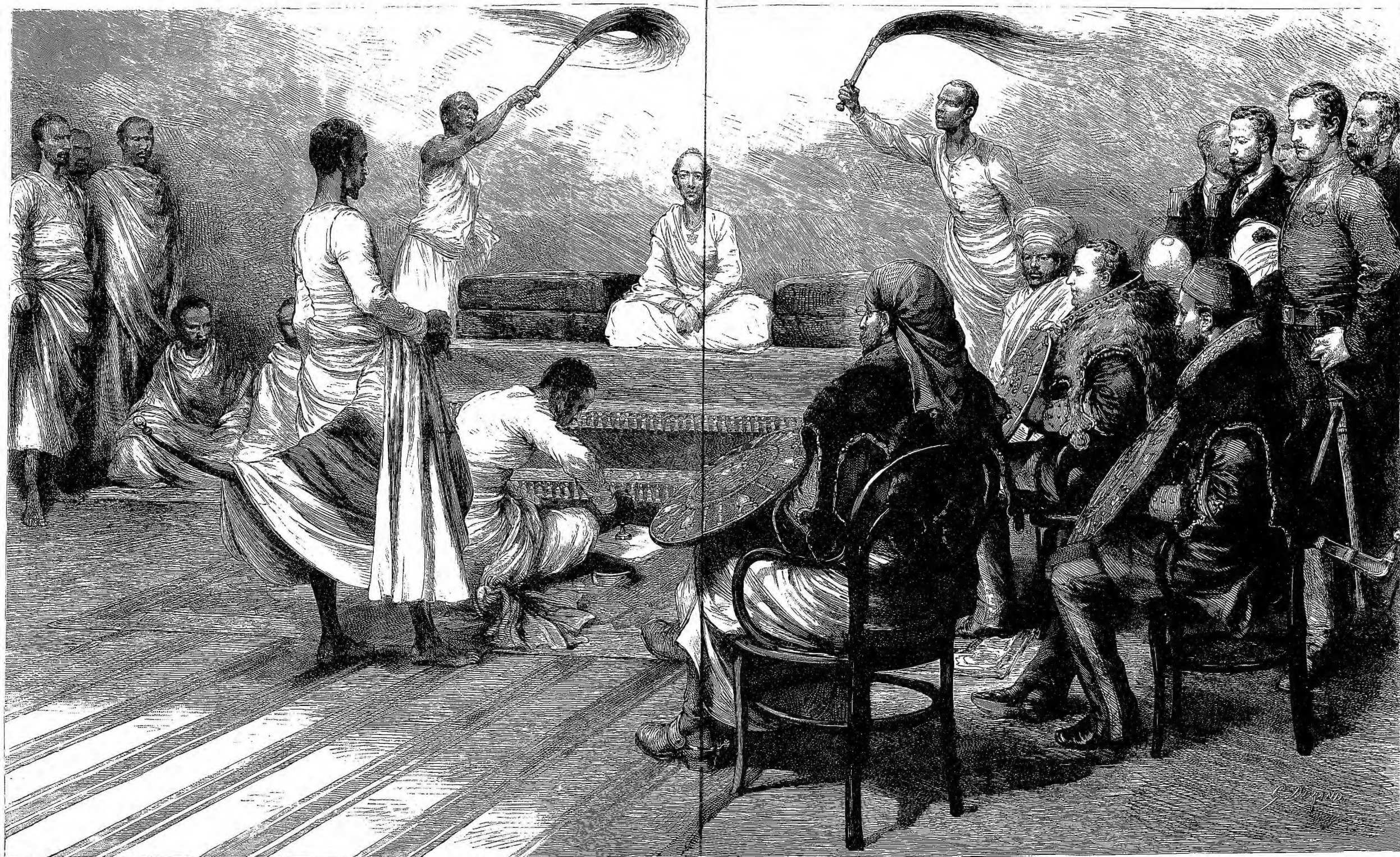
THE NUMEROUS SHIPWRECKED SUFFERERS annually cast upon our coasts owe a debt of gratitude to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, which last year relieved 12,458 distressed persons. Not only were those actually shipwrecked thoroughly cared for and assisted, but needy sailors, widows, and orphans were also helped by the society. Altogether some 350,649 persons have benefited by this institution since its foundation in 1839. The Duke of Edinburgh is now President of the Society, in the stead of the late Duke of Marlborough.

THE ENGLISH WRITE MORE LETTERS than any other people in the world, according to the Post Office report just issued. The average annual number of written communications reaches 41 per head—37 letters and 4 post-cards for each person—being nearly double the amount of twenty years since. Correspondence increases three times more than the rate of population, and in the year ending March 31st last no fewer than 1,322,086,900 letters passed through the post, besides 153,586,100 cards, 294,594,500 book packets, and 142,702,300 newspapers. In Christmas week the average number of postal missives passing through the Central Office is estimated at 13½ millions, but last Christmas the number rose to 15,400,000. This increase entailed the employment of 1,200 additional hands besides the 1,800 usually employed in the Central Office. No other nation approaches these numbers, for even in the United States, which comes second in the matter of correspondence, only 21 letters are sent per head, the next highest figures being 17 in Germany, 16 in France, 7 in Italy, and 5 in Spain.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly last week, and the deaths numbered 1,995 against 2,007 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 12, although 226 above the average, while the death-rate fell to 25.9 per 1,000. The mortality from diarrhoea and dysentery continues high, and though the fatal cases decreased to 466 from 533, they were 151 beyond the usual return. Cholera and choleraic dysentery caused 18 deaths, and were 4 over the average. Small-pox still diminishes and the fatal cases fell to 17 from 23, while only 105 fresh patients were admitted to the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals. There were 57 deaths from whooping-cough (a decline of 12), 34 from measles (a decrease of 21), 28 from scarlet fever (a fall of 12), 20 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 20 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Different forms of violence caused 60 deaths, of which 47 resulted from negligence or accident, and 10 were suicides. There were 2,530 births registered, against 2,669 in the previous week, being 168 below the average. The mean temperature was 59.2 deg., and 3.7 below the average, while there were only 14.6 hours of bright sunshine during the week.

THE SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE ERUPTION IN JAVA last August has been visited by two French scientific commissioners, who graphically describe the deplorable condition of the region nearly a year after the disaster. A distinct line of desolation marks the affected district. The land is either perfectly bare or covered with a thick layer of mud or stones, every tree has disappeared, stagnant salt pools breathe fever in every direction, and a few wretched bamboo huts afford the only sign of life. The fertile closely-populated spot where the town of Anjer formerly stood is a deserted marshy plain, without a vestige of either houses, plantations, or inhabitants, and the small town of Telok-Belang has similarly vanished. In the neighbouring island of Sibi tidal waves have washed away the crust of stones and laid bare the remains of a village, with the skeletons of the inhabitants lying in the midst of their domestic surroundings. Over four miles inland is a big steamer, which was carried ashore by a huge wave into the forest, and still spans a small river like a bridge. The three little islands which appeared after the eruption are gone, and a dense vaporous cloud hangs over the volcano Krakatoa. This cloud, however, is nothing but the dust raised by constant avalanches of stones rolling down the mountain side.





WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA—SIGNING THE TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND ABYSSINIA





THE situation in EGYPT remains unaltered. Indeed, there is little to report, save the usual crop of rumours respecting Dongola and the safety of Gordon—now heard of through Kassala as intending to advance when the Nile is high enough, if we are to believe another merchant's narrative. Further, the Mudir of Dongola asserts that Gordon has recaptured Berber. Major Kitchener has gone to Dongola, disguised as an Arab, to find out the true state of affairs; but the Mudir does not seem disposed to await his arrival, and again telegraphs that he will shortly leave the city. According to the correspondent of a contemporary, Major Kitchener is commissioned to communicate with General Gordon at all costs, and induce him to withdraw, enlisting the help of the powerful Kabbabish tribe if necessary. At present most of these tribes continue indifferent, while the rebels themselves show little sign of activity beyond concentrating near Suakim, and industriously harassing the forts. No opposition also was offered to Major Wortley and his Bedouins during his surveying expedition from Siout to Selimeh, but this route to Dongola has been found useless for a large force, owing to the scarcity of water. Apart from rebel alarms, Upper Egypt is seriously troubled by the scanty rise of the Nile, which has not been so low since the famine year of 1878, and by the Government circular insisting on all arrears of taxes being paid immediately. In many cases the fellahs cannot get cash for their crops, which they must sell standing, and considerable distress prevails. Much bitter feeling still exists respecting the British Treaty with Abyssinia, especially about the clause making Massowah a free port. Massowah itself has been half destroyed by an earthquake.

Both at Cairo and Alexandria, however, the chief attention is fixed on the London Conference, and public opinion pronounces strongly against any temporary compromise as fatal to the restoration of Egyptian credit. Continental popular interest on the subject is somewhat worn out by the protracted deliberations; and although the foreign Press teems with elaborate details of the proceedings, few noteworthy comments are made. RUSSIA prophesies that the political side of the question will yet prove far more troublesome than the financial difficulties now preventing a settlement; while ITALY, after first supporting England, turns round and adopts the French view of the question. And FRANCE herself is obliged to protest against the charge of wishing the Conference to fail, pointing out that such a failure might lead to the virtual dictatorship of England in Egypt. Indeed, the French are still so suspicious of British predominance that the Paris *Figaro* suggests that France should make common cause with her old enemy, Germany, against England, a proposition which has greatly surprised the Germans.

But FRANCE proper cares far less for these matters than for the satisfactory fact that the cholera decidedly decreases in intensity, although attacking fresh places. Thanks mainly to the cooler weather and to a better regulated medical and sanitary service, the deaths have diminished both at Marseilles and Toulon—numbering respectively twenty-four and thirteen on Wednesday. A much larger proportion of the sick recover and the population begin to regain hope, so that the authorities have warned the refugees not to return too quickly lest the disease should increase afresh. As yet, however, the improvement has not greatly mitigated public distress in both towns. Thus the poorer classes would fare ill indeed were it not for private charity, which has organised soup kitchens, house visitation, and other means of relief. As the Government will take no important measures, many Republican Deputies have come south to help, besides numbers of medical students, but the poor have a strange prejudice against doctors, and often oppose their attendance by force. Toulon has now lost two-thirds of her population by flight and death, 600 persons having died of cholera up to Saturday last. A less favourable account must be given of the other parts of the affected district, where altogether fourteen places have been attacked. Panic reigns at Arles, where the deaths have risen to a high rate for the diminished population, food and water are scarce, and the few inhabitants left are mostly drunk and demoralised. Aix also suffers severely. It is pointed out, however, that the present epidemic is far less fatal and extensive than former outbreaks, and that the virulence of each successive attack has steadily diminished within the last fifty years. Apart from the loss of life, the injury caused to the country by the suspension of business, the decrease of exports, the absence of tourists, &c., is a very serious matter. PARIS alone has already received 14,000 visitors fewer than last year. Still, no further cholera cases have been reported in the capital, and it is asserted that several of those ascribed to the disease were merely severe diarrhoea, which alarmed the doctors. Disinfection experiments now form the chief Parisian occupation, sulphur fumigation being most favoured. Unfortunately, though the cholera seems disinclined to travel north, the disease has apparently been taken into Italy by refugee workmen, cases having occurred at Spezia, near Genoa, and at Pancalieri in Piedmont. Over a dozen cases, some fatal, are reported at the latter place, which is now strictly isolated by a military cordon. Nor are the bad quarantine arrangements calculated to check the spread of infection, as the Italian frontier lazarettos are deplorable, and only too likely to become a hotbed of disease.

Political circles are unusually lively for the dead season, owing to M. Jules Ferry's difficulty with the Revision Bill. Feeling bound to fulfil his pledge of introducing Revision—about which the country cared little—the Premier has placed himself in a serious dilemma between the Chambers. While willing to yield such minor details as public prayers and the mode of electing its members, the Senate altogether refuses to give up its prerogative of amending the Budget passed by the Lower House. If this power were waived the Senate would have no voice whatever in monetary matters. M. Ferry has vainly endeavoured to induce both sides to compromise the matter, but was obliged to allow the Senate to omit the monetary clause from the Revision Bill, which has now been placed before the Chamber for final discussion. The Chinese reply has not yet arrived, and M. Ferry has refused to allow any further respite beyond yesterday (Friday). Much vexation is aroused by the statement from Tientsin that Li Hung Chang actually rejected the clauses of the Treaty relating to the withdrawal of the Chinese troops. If true, this version would put the French in a very awkward position. The Royalists have got up a mild excitement, as some of the Comte de Chambord's followers strive to establish the Spanish Bourbons as claimants to the throne. They have chosen an unlucky title, the "Blancs d'Espagne," for jokers remind them that this term is a slang expression for whitening clean saucers.

Colonial projects are again busily discussed in GERMANY. Since Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag so warmly advocated colonial enterprise, this policy has rapidly gained favour, and now the German Colonisation Society announces the intended purchase next month of a large tract in South Africa as the site of an important trading and agricultural settlement. Prince Bismarck himself, by the bye, is so much the better for his stay at Varzin this year that he will not need his usual "cure" at Kissingen. The rumours of

Germany and Russia combining against the Anarchists seem somewhat justified by recent events in Berlin. Many Russians have been summarily expelled by the police, and only those are permitted to remain who can prove that they are engaged in business or studying at the University. Even the latter are placed under somewhat vexatious regulations. It is believed that the late discoveries in Warsaw have led to these arbitrary measures, more particularly as Germany has been frequently accused of harbouring Nihilists.

Owing to the Anarchist rumours in RUSSIA, it is said that the Czar will only spend a few hours in Warsaw, and go on to Sciernewicz for the army manoeuvres. Another report states that the Russian and Austrian Emperors will meet at Granica, in Poland, and afterwards join Emperor William at Alexandrovo, but this statement is little credited. The excessive heat in Southern Russia causes great fear of a serious epidemic, especially as twenty cases of cholera are said to have occurred in St. Petersburg, Charkoff and other towns also being affected. It is also asserted that the Siberian plague has appeared close to the capital after causing much mortality at Pleskoff.

In INDIA the Afghan Frontier Commission is now mainly constituted. Headed by General Lumsden, the Commission will include a number of European and native officers and a scientific contingent, and will be escorted by 200 picked native cavalry and infantry. At present the Commission awaits the Ameer's permission for the escort to pass through Afghan territory, which ought to have arrived long ago. The British Commissioners will assemble at Quetta on the way to Sarakhs, where they will meet the Russian members, and will work till the end of January. Some attention has been paid to a pamphlet by the late Dewan of Travancore, on the Russian advance in Central Asia, as illustrating the views of enlightened native statesmen. The writer warns the English against trusting Afghanistan, and advises them to concentrate all defences on one strong main line not far beyond the frontier, as the Afghans would support the British against the Russians if they saw them fully prepared. Affairs in Indore have been decidedly improved by the Government investigation. Holkar has temporarily suspended his tyrannical heir from office, and released the merchants imprisoned by the Prince. Certainly inquiry was sorely needed at Indore when many merchants found they could only save themselves from oppression by living in the British Residency grounds.

Fresh candidates for the Presidency of the UNITED STATES are being nominated by the various political parties. The most important is Mr. St. John, of Kansas, chosen by the National Prohibition Convention, who may carry off some of the Democratic votes. General Butler also has definitively decided to enter the lists. The old subject of pauper emigration is again giving trouble. Lately a considerable number of destitute emigrants have been landed at New York, and the Emigration Commissioners are determined to send them back. Thus fifty Roumanian paupers were promptly returned to Bremen, although the English vessel *Furnessia* managed to get off without taking away some poor Irish she had brought over. The survivors of the Greely Expedition have left St. John on their return home, meeting with a perfect ovation at their departure. Lieutenant Greely is much better.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS NEWS the first anniversary of the disastrous Ischian earthquake was kept in ITALY on Monday by a solemn religious ceremony at Casamicciola, services being performed in the ruins and over the graves of the victims. Strangers are afraid to stay in the island, and thus the inhabitants have entirely lost their most important means of livelihood, though all smaller industries have revived. Italy and SPAIN have settled their little differences, thanks to a most conciliatory Note from the Spanish Government, while the Vatican has delighted Spanish Catholics by declaring that the bones hidden under the high altar at Santiago Cathedral are really those of St. James. After attracting pilgrims to Santiago for centuries these precious relics disappeared during the French Revolution, and have only lately been re-discovered. Spain, however, is accused of insulting the British flag by firing on an English gunboat off Port Morant, and searching the vessel on suspicion of carrying war materials for the Cuban revolutionists.—In AUSTRIA the Arlberg Railway will be opened for goods traffic after the 18th inst., although it will not be inaugurated formally till a month later. The notorious Anarchist Stellmacher has been condemned to death, while another important case has ended—the trial of those concerned in the Anti-Jewish disturbances last year at Egerszeg, arising from the notorious Scharf trial. Seventy-six of the accused were acquitted, and the remainder sentenced to imprisonments varying from five to one year.—HOLLAND was at first highly indignant at the arrangement with England respecting the relief of the *Nisero*, considering that the Dutch Government had abandoned all their rights. On hearing full details public opinion now approves the agreement.—TURKEY is beginning to find that she will not easily carry out her plan of controlling the foreign postal service. The Powers concerned firmly refuse to allow any alteration in the present system.—In SOUTH AMERICA a Bill has been introduced in Brazil providing for the gradual abolition of slavery.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers and Usuts have already come to grief in Zululand, and the latter have left their stronghold at Inkandla, where the British military forces are on the watch.—WESTERN AUSTRALIA has declared for Confederation, thus making the fourth Australian Colony in favour of the scheme.



THE QUEEN has gone to the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice remained at Claremont with the Duchess of Albany until their departure, and on Saturday received the King of Sweden. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Claremont, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany visited the Royal party on Monday, when the Queen and Princess went to Weybridge to see the tomb of the Duchesse de Nemours. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Claremont on Wednesday, and travelled straight to Osborne, without returning to Windsor. The Duke of Connaught's children accompanied the Queen and Princess, and the Princess Louise met them at Osborne. They will remain in the Isle of Wight till about the 24th inst., and then go to Balmoral, probably stopping at Edinburgh on their way to pay a private visit to the Forestry Exhibition.—The Queen has received and replied to a congratulatory letter on the birth of the infant Duke of Albany from the Mayor of Windsor on behalf of the townspeople. The Duchess and her baby continue in excellent health.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have left town. Before starting they gave a garden party at Marlborough House, and on Saturday night dined with Earl and Countess Cadogan. Next morning the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service, and subsequently entertained at luncheon the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany with their three daughters and the Princess Louise. Prince and Princess Christian lunched at Marlborough House on Monday, and later the Prince and Princess of Wales left for Goodwood to spend the race-week with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. They witnessed

the races on Tuesday and the two following days; while yesterday (Friday) the Prince was expected in town to attend the Jubilee meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. He then joins the Princess and daughters on board the *Osborne* at Cowes until the 18th inst., when the Royal party go to Scotland, paying several visits on their way. From the 19th to the 22nd they stay with Sir W. Armstrong at Cragside, Newcastle, to perform various public ceremonies in Newcastle; next spend three days with Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, to see the Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh; and subsequently go to Abergeldie, whence they visit Aberdeen on the 28th to present new colours to the Aberdeenshire Highlanders. Prince George is expected home next Monday, and will accompany his parents on leave of absence. The young Prince passed his late examination most creditably, taking 975 out of 1,000 marks.

The German Crown Prince and Princess with their daughters have been staying at Buckingham Palace, but were to leave on Thursday for Goodwood, whence they join the Queen at Osborne.—Another Royal visitor, the King of Sweden, has also gone to the Isle of Wight.



THE NEW BISHOP OF RIPON was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on Friday in last week.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER has left England for the Rocky Mountains, whence he expects to be at home again in the first week of October.

PREACHING TO A CROWDED CONGREGATION in Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, the Archbishop of York said that the phenomenon of modern history was the degree in which the peoples of the earth were coming forward to assert themselves, and to take their part in a thousand movements. Should we regard it with mere terror? Let us observe the demeanour of those we called the lower classes, and see whether they, too, had not been inspired in some degree with "the breath" of Heaven. Study their patience in the unequal division of the things of this world which had been forced upon them. Study the way in which they would abide by the law in times of great stress, even in positive hunger and want. Look at the way in which they helped one another. Seeing these things, he recognised that they had become brethren who also loved one another.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Norwich, which is being erected at the cost of the Duke of Norfolk, and the foundation-stone of which was laid last week, will, it is said, be one of the largest churches erected in England since the Reformation.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE have made a supernumerary, and inhibited from preaching, a minister whose teaching on the question of capital punishments was considered unsound. A motion to expel him from the Wesleyan body was rejected.

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE is suffering from a ruptured blood vessel in the leg, and in consequence of his indisposition, sudden as well as severe, Bedford Chapel was closed on Sunday.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY, is closed until further notice.

AFTER TO-MORROW (Sunday), the Temple Church will be closed until Sunday, October 5.



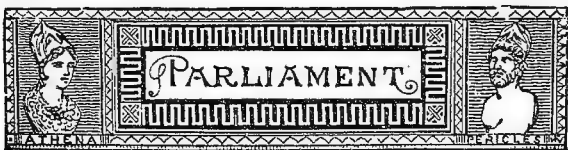
THE OPERA SEASON.—The Italian Opera season terminated on Saturday night, when Madame Adelina Patti, in accordance with custom, sang a verse of the National Anthem, after the performance of *Linda di Chamouni* had concluded. A less profitable season, from an artistic point of view, cannot readily be recollected. Twenty operas have been performed, but among them only one novelty, M. Reyer's *Sigurd*, which, on its third and last representation, was abbreviated to an extent hardly intended by composer or librettist, and seriously affecting the intelligibility of the plot. Madame Patti has added no new character to her already extensive repertory, while Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Colomba* was perforce abandoned, because Madame Pauline Lucca had no leisure to learn the music. Four new *prima donnas* made debuts, but only Madame Hélène Crosmond, an English vocalist, made any real impression. That the Opera season has been carried on almost strictly upon the star system is not altogether the fault of Mr. Gye. The dearth of new works is proverbial, and Italian Opera audiences, who are attracted in large numbers by the announcement of Madame Patti in the most hackneyed of operas, seem not yet sufficiently educated up to the point of supporting novelties. People have, therefore, come to Covent Garden to hear Madame Patti or Madame Albani, or to listen to Mesdames Lucca or Sembrich. The tenors have been weak, and it seems that the few great tenor vocalists still left on the Continent demand such terms that to place them on the bills with a great *prima donna* would be a financial impracticability. Despite the fact that public representations either of Italian or German opera have been given nearly every night of the week, and that the Covent Garden stage has proved insufficient for all the rehearsals which might under more satisfactory conditions have been desirable, the performances have been fairly good. About the future of the Italian Opera it would be rash to prophesy. It is reported that Madame Patti has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson to give a series of operatic performances next summer, either at Her Majesty's or Drury Lane. Artists, intoxicated by reports of the extravagant sums supposed to have been paid in America, are now asking terms which no unsubsidised manager can afford to pay. Madame Patti will, it is said, receive under her contract with Mr. Mapleson 800*l.* for every night she sings in America, this being, however, a reduction of 280*l.* per night on the amount alleged to have been paid her last year. Madame Nilsson is reported to have stated that she refused an offer from Mr. Gye of 400*l.* per night. Only this week Mr. Gye has been compelled to cancel the conditional arrangements he negotiated with some of his artists for a season at the New York Metropolitan Opera House solely because, despite a free theatre, with no rent to pay, and a suggested subvention of 340*l.* per night, he found it impossible to engage an efficient company on terms calculated to make a fair profit. Meanwhile, there is a talk of an autumn season in a small London theatre of light Italian opera at cheap prices; and an offer has been made to bring over a troupe from Germany to another London theatre to perform light German opera in the German tongue. Neither scheme is likely to prove important. Next year genuine French opera comique is to be again tried, and Mr. Gye has now under consideration a season of opera in English at Covent Garden, with Madame Albani as *prima donna*. Indeed, in the opinion of many, the operatic problem is likely to be solved by the foundation of an English operatic enterprise, with great artists, but at theatrical prices.



**FORTHCOMING CONCERTS.**—Although the season is only just ended, the dates of the more important serial concerts of the forthcoming autumn, winter, and spring have already been fixed. The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden will commence next Saturday. The Crystal Palace Concerts begin about October 11th, and continue, with the usual seven weeks' interval, till Easter. Forty-one Popular Concerts will be given from October 27th to December 20th, and from January 5th to March 30th. The Richter Concerts will be given on October 28th, Nov. 4th, and 11th, and nine concerts between April 20th and June 15th. The Sacred Harmonic Society will give six concerts between November 7th and March 29th, eleven Ballad Concerts will take place between November 26th and March 4th (including three *matinées*). The Philharmonic Concerts will be given between February 26th and May 20th, the Bach Choir between February 17th and April 29th, and Señor Sarasate will give four *matinées* in April and May. Mr. Austin's, St. Andrew's, Burns', St. Patrick's, and Good Friday concerts, and the concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choir have also been arranged.

**THE HOLIDAYS OF ARTISTS.**—Madame Patti has left for Paris on private business, and will afterwards spend her holiday at her Welsh Castle. She will return in October to Paris, and thence to America.—Madame Lucca has gone to her villa at Vienna, and she will afterwards sing at St. Petersburg.—Madame Sembrich is at Dresden, previous to a tour in Spain.—Madame Albani contemplates a tour of the English provinces.—Madame Durand is at Marienbad, and goes thence to St. Petersburg.—Madame Hélène Crosmont is holiday-making in the country, and goes in September to Italy.—Mdlle. Tremelli is in Vienna, Mdlle. Laterner, Mdlle. Reggiani, and M. de Reszké (who is in Poland) will sing in Paris, M. Mierzwinsky is at Turin, Signor Marconi is in Aix-les-Bains, whence he will go to Russia, and M. Devoyod is at Luchon, prior to an opera season in Spain.—Madame Valleria will shortly begin a series of concert engagements in the provinces.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The prizes to about 370 successful students at the Royal Academy of Music were distributed by Madame Sainton, in the absence of Lady Dudley, on Saturday morning.—The Carl Rosa troupe begin their regular provincial tour at Belfast next week.—The death is announced of the last surviving grandson of Sir Julius Benedict. He was the son of the Baron and Baroness von Hügel, and was only twenty-two.—The respected musician, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, will celebrate his silver wedding on Thursday next. A large party of music-lovers have been invited to the festivities.—The marriage is announced of the well-known vocalist, Miss Ambler, to William Henry, youngest son of the Rev. Canon Brereton.—The Abbé Liszt, the Queen of Greece, and Herr Joachim, with his two daughters, were among the audience at the revival of *Parsifal*, at Bayreuth, on July 21. Wagner's widow directed the rehearsals, and was behind the scenes while the performance was in progress.—Great are the responsibilities of the travelling companion of a *prima donna*. Madame Marie Roze left Euston on Friday for Blackpool with two dogs, a bullfinch, a selection of parrots, and nineteen trunks containing her private and professional wardrobe. The luggage van proving insufficient, the services of an extra horsebox were requisitioned.—We learn on good authority that *Iago*, on which Signor Verdi is busily working, may be produced next year.—The Royal English Opera Company, from Covent Garden Theatre, will open for a short season at the National Standard Theatre on Bank Holiday (August 4), under the direction of Mr. John O'Connor, when a series of operas will be performed, including *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *L'Africaine*, &c.—At a meeting of the Committee of the Sir Michael Costa Testimonial, held on Monday, it was resolved not to devote the proceeds to the establishment of scholarships, but to return the money to the subscribers.



The political campaign has already been transferred from Westminster to the broader platform of the country, and Parliament is left to pursue its even way almost devoid of incident. The proceedings of the Conference have been watched with much interest, as upon their conclusion depends the period of threatened action by the Conservative Opposition, and the precise form it shall take. It was understood that on Monday the Premier would be able to communicate to the House the result of the labours of the Plenipotentiaries. The appearance of the House of Commons on this occasion seemed to belie the statement (which is, nevertheless, true), that hundreds of Members have already anticipated the recess. We have of late been so unaccustomed to see a full House that the benches, fairly crowded on both sides, presented quite an animated appearance. But it was the Strangers' Galleries that lent a special feature of excitement to the evening. Every seat, both in the Speaker's and the Strangers' Galleries, was filled, and in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, usually kept really select at this period of the sitting, there were two rows of interested, and possibly distinguished, strangers.

Later, when questions are disposed of, and when no debate of Imperial interest is going forward, the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery is the favourite resort of friends and companions of Mr. Biggar, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Harrington, and other personages belonging to the uncoroneted Irish aristocracy. The two most-favoured positions are the seats under the gallery on the floor of the House, and the two front rows in the gallery above, which are nominally set apart for Members of the Diplomatic Body and other distinguished visitors. But all Members of the House of Commons are, or should be, equal in the eyes of the Speaker, and distinction is a matter of comparison. Mr. Biggar's friends might not be distinguished in European society, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's friend's name may be a mere sound to the trifier in London. But they are distinguished in Cavan and in Galway, and the members named are quite in their right (which, to do them justice, they fully exercise) in claiming for them in the House of Commons the seat of the Distinguished Stranger.

Mr. Gladstone's statement on Monday was a disappointment to the gathered host. The Conference had held its sitting, but had come to no conclusion. Still, it was so near agreement that an interval of a day might effect that desirable end, and the Premier promised, with some confidence, that he would be able on the next day to make the eagerly-looked-for announcement. When Tuesday arrived, and further delay became necessary, the House received the intimation with curious passivity. They had begun to grow accustomed to disappointment, and Thursday being the day next named bestowed themselves to await its coming with admirable patience. On Monday this question about the Conference was one of seventy addressed to Ministers, chiefly by the Irish members, who have once more begun to exercise their ingenuity in wasting this portion of the sitting. Mr. Biggar now has an advantage the absence of which formerly limited his opportunities. When it was the custom of the House to read questions it was inconvenient for Mr. Biggar, casting his eyes over India, to pick up some local grievance involving the pronunciation of native names of many syllables. Now it has come to pass that all a Member does in putting a question is to refer the

Minister to the numbered interrogatory on the list. Mr. Biggar, therefore, varying his patriotic habit, and in imitation of Mr. O'Donnell, who has of late somewhat retired from the field, has added India to his other cares. It is the genial custom of the House when Mr. Biggar has one of these questions on the paper involving unpronounceable native names to cry "Read, read!" But the Member for Cavan only grimly smiles, and leaves the pronunciation of the names to the Under Secretary.

During the last week the hours of Session have been prolonged to an extent that threatens fatal results in some directions. There has been no day within the week when the House has risen before three o'clock. Half-past three, a quarter to four, and on Tuesday morning a quarter-past five, are more usual hours. The responsibility of the all-night sitting of Tuesday is accredited to Mr. Courtney, who happened to be temporarily left in charge of business. He had in hand a Bill providing additional salaries for Irish magistrates, and took the unusual course of moving the second reading without a single word explanatory or recommendatory of its details. As it was one o'clock in the morning when he rose he probably took this course with a view to saving time, a calculation which proved woefully mistaken. The Irish Members have so few real grievances in connection with the management of affairs by Mr. Trevelyan that with great alacrity they jumped at this maladroit procedure of his deputy. They insisted upon having an explanation of the Bill. Mr. Courtney insisted upon not giving one, and so, hour after hour, through the weary night, the struggle went forward, and in the end, broad daylight streaming through the windows, Mr. Courtney suddenly, and, as far as was apparent, with no more reason to yield at five o'clock than he had at one o'clock to open the quarrel, consented to the adjournment of the debate. On the next day the natural consequences followed. Debates on stages of Bills taken at this period of the year cannot be adjourned with impunity, and no one was surprised to find the Magistrates' Bill withdrawn. The Irish members were naturally in high feather at this substantial triumph for Obstruction.

Tuesday was another red letter day in the calendar of the Parnellites. The Irish votes had been reached at last, it being the custom prevalent with all Ministries to put off the evil day as long as possible. On the very threshold of the sitting the hapless Mr. Courtney blundered again, and led up to what promised to be an interminable wrangle. He had on the previous day given a pledge to take the votes in due order. Now he proposed to pass over the votes for Criminal Prosecutions and Bankruptcy, taking up the third. This was done with a laudable object, only too clearly perceived by the Parnellites. They had intended once more to raise on this vote the question of Mr. Bolton's salary, which might be dealt with under either head. For their purpose it was of the utmost importance that the discussion should take place on Tuesday night. The action in which Mr. Bolton sued Mr. O'Brien for libel had opened that very day at Belfast. A telegram from Mr. O'Brien to his friends announced that the case for the prosecution had closed. On the next day, or at furthest on Thursday, the jury might be called upon to give their verdict. If anything was to be done in the way of prejudicing the case it must be done forthwith, and the idea of Mr. Courtney proposing to postpone the vote almost took Mr. Healy's breath away.

He had, however, sufficient left to denounce in tones trembling with honest and generous indignation this attempt on the part of the Secretary to the Treasury to circumvent the Irish Members. Had Mr. Courtney been left alone on the Treasury Bench, as he unfortunately chanced to be during the all night's sitting, this preliminary wrangle might have gone on for hours. As it was, Mr. Trevelyan interposing in a few words put the matter straight, the regular order of the votes was re-established, and with their feathers still ruffled at this attempted withdrawal of their prey, the Parnellites proceeded to peck and claw at it. English and Scotch Members doubtless have their views about Mr. Bolton, and of his fitness to remain in the public service. But the simplest instincts of justice revolted against the unprecedented proceedings which followed. Mr. Healy, Mr. Harrington, and others, after the semblance of consideration of the vote before the Committee, proceeded to attack Mr. Bolton, assuming the guilt which was at the very time the subject of inquiry by a jury, and loading the plaintiff with coarsest invective. In the end, not a single vote was obtained, and another sitting wasted. The remaining days of the week have also been occupied with Supply, the hope of prorogation on the 9th waning as the week advanced.



THE EMPIRE Theatre has passed for awhile into the hands of Mr. John Hollingshead, who here finds employment for the bulk of his incomparable burlesque company in a brilliant revival of Mr. Robert Reece's extravaganza, *The Forty Thieves*. The only important member missing from the programme is Mr. Edward Terry, who simultaneously with this change has reappeared in his old quarters at the Gaiety in *The Rocket*, in which amusing piece he sustains, with even more than the old superabundance of humorous characteristic, the part of the Chevalier Walkinshaw, supported by Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Monkhouse, Miss L. Harcourt, and other popular performers. By way of after-piece, Mr. Hollingshead has produced this week a new version of *High Life Below Stairs*, which has been converted by Mr. Meyer Lutz into an opera, in the sense in which that term was understood in the days of C. Dibdin and Kane O'Hara. That is to say, Mr. Lutz has introduced into the dialogue some melodious songs and some cleverly-written concerted pieces. A comic duet for Mr. Terry and Miss Harcourt, in which nursery rhymes are interwoven in whimsical fashion, came in for no small share of the laughter and applause which this highly successful trifle evoked on Monday evening.

The indisposition of Miss Ellen Terry, arising from an inflammation in the left hand, has caused much disappointment to visitors to the LYCEUM anxious to witness her beautiful impersonation of Viola in *Twelfth Night*. On Thursday and Friday in last week Miss Terry appeared with her arm in a sling—a condition which necessarily compelled her to abate many of the drolleries of the duel with Sir Andrew Aguecheek. On Saturday—unfortunately too late in the day to forewarn the public—it was determined that she could not possibly appear, and the theatre was accordingly suddenly closed. During the present week the part has been gracefully played by Miss Terry's accomplished sister, Miss Marion Terry.

Miss Kate Vaughan's long-looked-for appearance in *The Little Duke* is fixed for this afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre. The character which Miss Vaughan will play was a famous one of the late Mdlle. Déjazet, for which the original French piece was written. As in the case of the hero of *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*, its sprightly humours turn chiefly upon the gallantry of the hero as contrasted with his tender years. Miss Vaughan has recruited a very efficient company for the occasion.

THE VAUDEVILLE, which has been closed for a short time for decorations, will re-open on Bank Holiday with *Confusion*, of

which a performance will be given both in the afternoon and evening.

A new farcical comedy, entitled *The Twins*, by Mr. Derrick, author or adaptor of *Confusion*, is to be produced this evening at the OLYMPIC, which re-opens on the occasion under the management of Mrs. Conover. Mr. Righton will, in technical phrase, "double" the parts of "the twins"—a grave college professor and a drunken waiter, whose physical resemblance to each other is supposed to be the source of much of the fun.

*Dollars and Sense* (not cents) is the title of the American comedy which follows *Casting the Boomerang* at TOOLE'S Theatre. Like its predecessor, it forms part of the repertory of Mr. Daly's company from New York.

Another American comedy, or comedy-drama, is to be produced by Miss Carlotta Leclercq at a *matinée* at the OLYMPIC on Saturday next. It is the work of Mr. Bartley Campbell, and is entitled *Fate*.

*The Beggar Student* has been withdrawn at the ALHAMBRA, and this evening (Saturday) a newly-written and enlarged version of F. C. Burnand's popular burlesque, *Black Eyed Susan*, is to be produced, with original music, specially composed by Mr. Alfred Lee. Included in the new programme will be two grand ballets, and on Bank Holiday, Monday, August 4th, there will be a special morning performance at half the usual prices.



THE TURF.—Dull weather and racing of hardly as much interest as usual have caused this week's meeting at Goodwood to seem somewhat lacking in spirit; but the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the average contingent of the London fashionable world, kept up its prestige. The Stakes, on the opening day, produced eleven runners, and again Florence was made an immense favourite, and again had to put up with second place, the outsider Stockholm, who performed indifferently at Leicester last week, beating her easily. The important Richmond Stakes for two-year-olds witnessed an interesting struggle between Rosy Morn and Royal Hampton, to the advantage of the former; and Harvost, as anticipated, won the Gratwicke. But a terrible reverse was in store for the Derby dead-heater on the morrow, as he went down before Cornelle, who had only 5 lbs. the advantage in the weights. The Stewards' Cup, which every year becomes more and more like the Hunt Cup at Ascot, had a grand field of twenty-three, of whom Queen Adelaide was made favourite, though not particularly well handicapped. She made no show in the race, which fell to Sweetbread, the third favourite. The best performance in the race, perhaps, was that of the Duke of Richmond, who ran second, carrying 6 lbs. more than Queen Adelaide. This is the third big handicap this season in which this colt has secured this unenviable berth. Sandiway was beaten in the Sussex Stakes, which were won by Hermitage, who naturally became a better favourite for the St. Leger.

CRICKET.—The County of Sussex, which has been showing great improvement during the last few weeks, may be fairly said to have crumpled up the Australians, though for want of time the match with them at Brighton had to be drawn. The English team made a grand total of 396, to which the Australians replied with 309, and had to submit to a follow on. They, however, could put together no more than 144, which left Sussex with only 58 to win. Unfortunately, there were only 52 minutes wherein to get the runs, and after three wickets had fallen for 25 the game was drawn. It need hardly be added that if time had permitted it was "a moral" for the county. The great features in this match were the 112 of Mr. Wyatt and the 111 of the veteran wicket-keeper, Phillips, in the first innings of Sussex, and the "lob" bowling of Humphreys, which completely puzzled the Australians, especially in their second innings, in which Humphreys accomplished the "hat trick."—All cricketers will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Grace, the mother of the three famous Gloucestershire players. Her knowledge of and interest in cricket was very great, and she was a constant attendant at matches in which her sons were playing. The news of her death was brought to her two sons when playing for their county against Lancashire at Manchester, and the game was immediately stopped. Since then Gloucestershire, in the absence of her champions, has been beaten by Yorkshire; Kent has had the good fortune to obtain a win against Surrey, which, in a most unaccountable way, collapsed in the first innings for 44; and Derbyshire has succumbed to Sussex.—The M.C.C. has been defeated in a single innings by Notts.

ATHLETICS.—The withdrawal of the American athletes from the meeting at Liverpool was a great disappointment; but we are promised that at Balham, on Monday next, Myers will attempt to beat or equal the time he is said to have made at 440 yards when in England two years ago. Murray, too, is to try and cut Meek's four-miles' record.—At Stamford Bridge, on Monday last, under somewhat unfavourable atmospheric conditions, W. G. George attempted to beat what is known as the "Deerfoot" record of 11 miles 970 yards in the hour, though there is some doubt attaching to the last 90 yards. George ran wonderfully well, beating many records in his course; but when the pistol fired he was nearly 38 yards short of the distance required. Under more favourable circumstances George will probably accomplish his object before he leaves the cinder path.

AQUATICS.—The Thames Rowing Club pursues its victorious course, having at the recent Moulsey Regatta won the Challenge Eights and Fours, as well as the Junior Eights.

POLO.—With three representatives on each side, the Ranelagh and Hurlingham Clubs played their annual match on the grounds of the latter on Saturday last. The game was a very spirited one, and resulted in favour of Ranelagh by four goals to three. The London season of the game, which has been a very successful one, was thus brought to a close.

CYCLING.—R. H. English, the North Shields A.B.C., who has previously been credited with the Five and Ten Miles Amateur Championships of the North, has now won the Twenty-Miles Amateur Championship, promoted by the National Cyclists' Union, and contested a few days ago at Gateshead-on-Tyne. As the state of the ground was not very favourable his time—1 hour 22 min. 20secs.—was good.—The tricycle, in the shape of the "Carrier" machine, with its wicker-work basket, is likely to become popular for family outings, as Mr. Marsh, of the City of London Bicycle Club, has just made a most successful trip to Bath with his three children, who, with some luggage, weighed 144 lbs. He did the journey of 116 miles in six half-day stages, his resting-places being Hounslow, Maidenhead, Woolhampton, Hungerford, and Devizes.

ARCHERY.—The three days' Grand Western Meeting at Taunton resulted in the success of the Rev. W. Eyre Hussey and Mrs. Hussey, who obtained the champion honours of the Western Counties, the former by a majority of points on the Double York Round, and the latter on all points upon two National Rounds. Mr. Hussey's gross score was 632, and Mrs. Hussey's 620, with 116 hits, 16 golds.



# THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY'S DAUGHTER

CONSIDERABLE public interest has naturally attached to the young widow of the Duke of Albany, who, besides the shock of losing her husband with such terrible suddenness, was expecting in a few months, for the second time, to undergo the pains and perils of childbirth.

Everybody, therefore, rejoices to learn that these perils have been safely surmounted, and that both the infant Duke of Albany (who was born on the 19th July) and his mother are pronounced to be doing so well that no further official bulletins will be issued. Public attention being thus directed to the bereaved household at Claremont, it would seem that this is a seasonable opportunity for publishing an engraving (from a sculpture by Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Godalming) of the late Duke's daughter, who was born at Windsor Castle February 25th, 1883, and was christened Alice, after her much-lamented aunt. The young lady's full roll of names are Alice Mary Victoria Augusta Pauline. —Our portrait is from a photograph of the sculpture by Byrne and Co., High Street, Richmond.

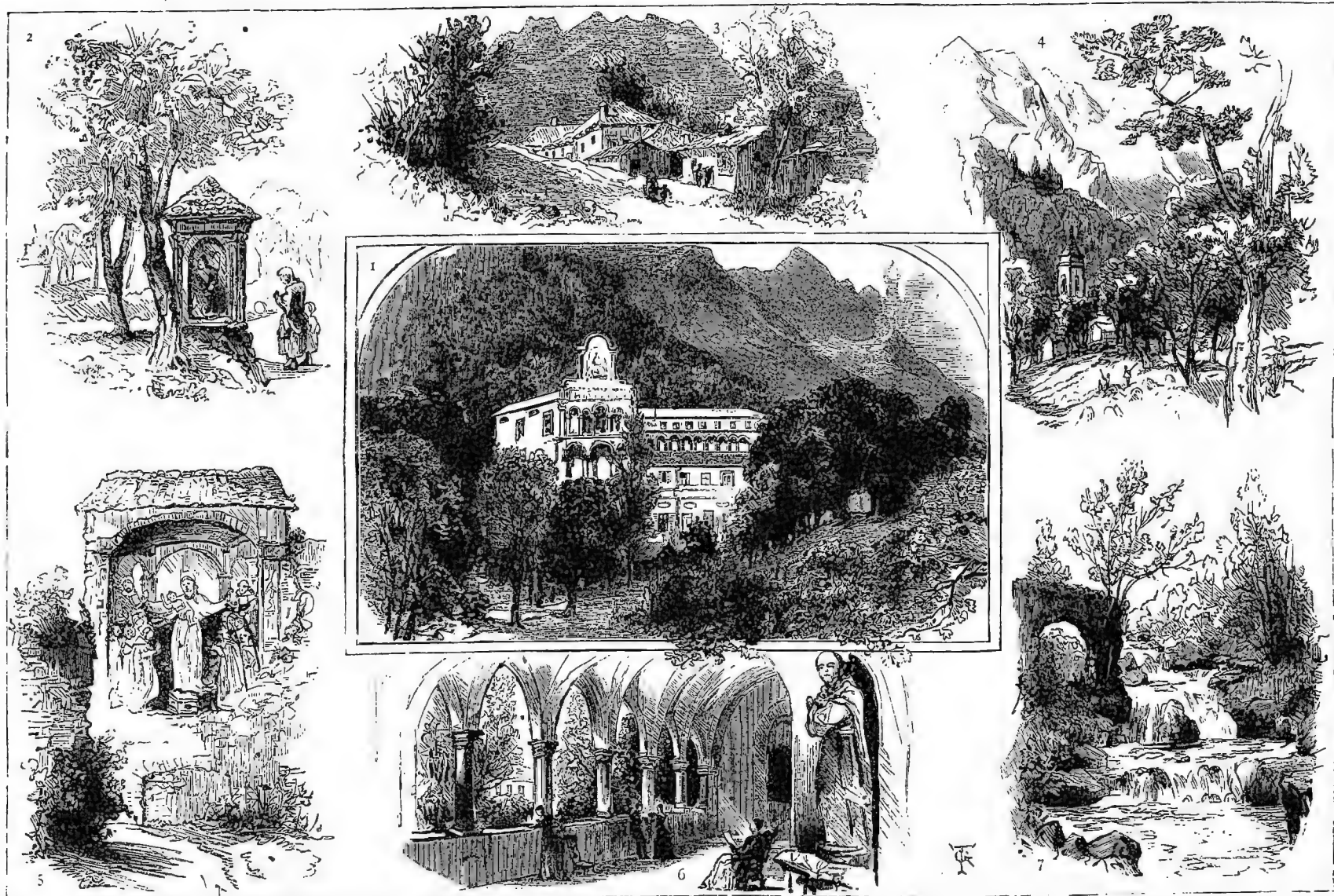
## A PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR

A PERFORMANCE of the Forest Scenes from *As You Like It*—that is, of nearly three-fourths of the entire play—was given in the beautiful grounds of Dr. Macgeagh's hydropathic establishment at Coombe Wood, Surrey, on July 21st, under conditions of an altogether novel kind. The performance took place literally in the open-air, Mr. E. W. Godwin, who had taken upon himself the charge of the scenic arrangements, having been able to find a thicket of lofty lime trees which lent itself admirably to the object in view. High overhead the dense foliage formed a screen for the distinguished audience, while sober draperies, hanging from trunk to trunk, served to complete the enclosure. When the curtain rose—or rather fell—for it was but a cloth hung across in the same rustic fashion, the spectator beheld a mimic Forest of Arden, formed for the most part of the trees as they stood in a little glade,



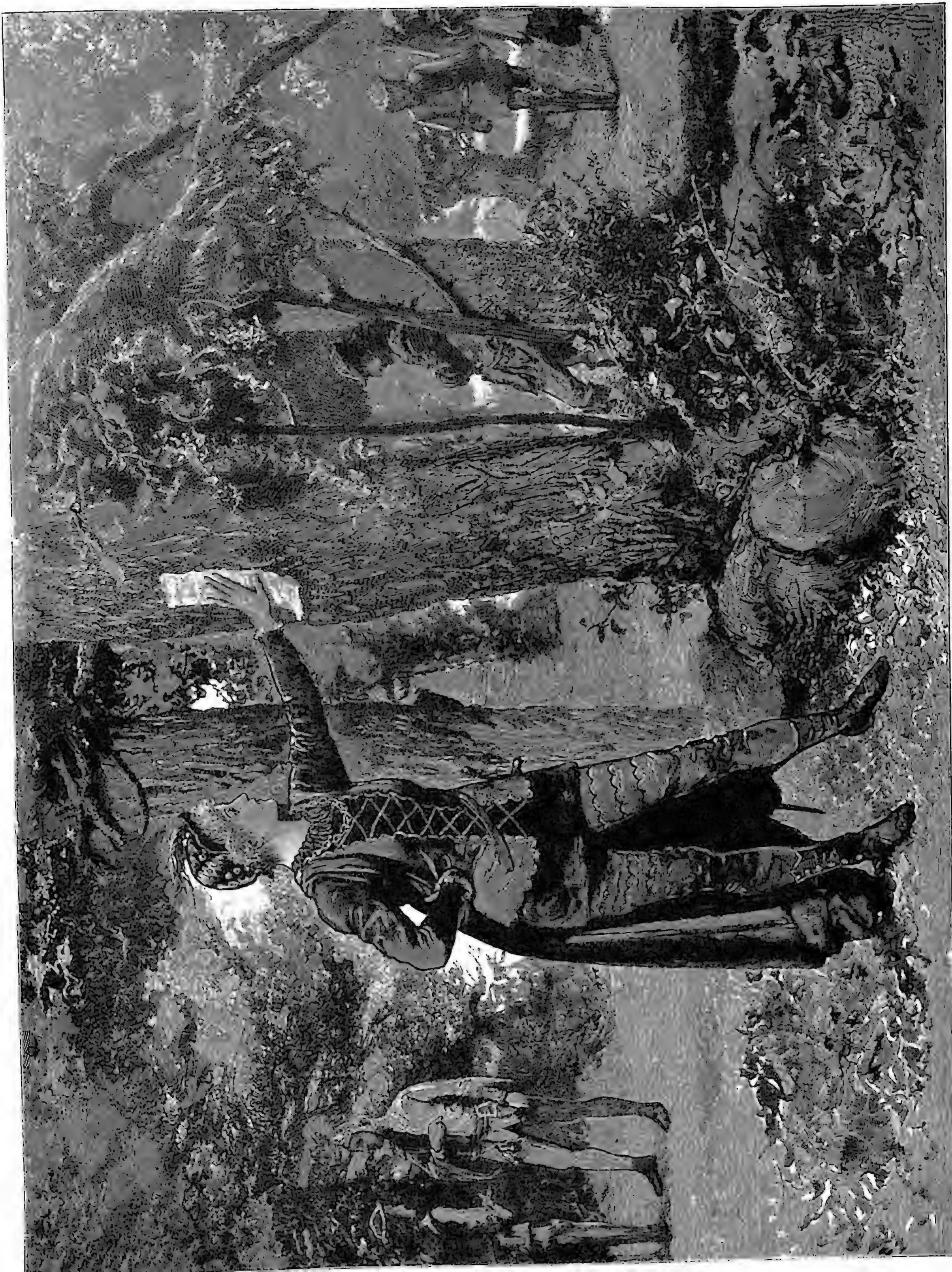
PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, ELDEST CHILD OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY  
From the Statuette by F. J. Williamson, Exhibited at the Royal Academy

through which delightful glimpses were obtainable of the green turf, with patches of the sky in the far distance. Except a felled trunk and a pile of faggots here and there, little was to be observed in the way of accessories which the natural resources of the spot had not furnished; yet the whole was very appropriate, and the illusion complete. The performance, which was understood to be given for the benefit of a charitable institution in which the Princess Louise is specially interested, was sustained partly by amateurs and partly by professional performers; but was altogether very carefully studied, even to the songs and choruses, to old settings, which were given in excellent style. An unusual feature of the representation was the impersonation of Orlando by a lady—this part having been assigned to Lady Archibald Campbell—who in her sylvan tunic of rich green velvet looked very handsome and played with much spirit. Miss Calhoun, of the Haymarket Theatre, the Rosalind of the occasion, wore a charming costume of amber and cinnamon. Further professional aid was lent by Mr. Hermann Vezin as Jacques. Mr. Fulton as the Duke, Mr. De Cordova as Corin, and Mr. Elliot as Touchstone. Most conspicuous among the other personages were Mr. Plowden as Phoebe, Miss Schetter as Celia, Mr. Bourchier as Oliver, Capt. Liddell as Silvius, and Mr. Claude Ponsonby as the First Lord. The performances were witnessed by about four hundred spectators, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, the Crown Prince of Germany, Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Elcho, the Spanish Minister, and Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey. The Princess took her place on the fourth row, a "gangway" having been cut for her, so as to have an unimpeded view. The bouquets, placed on the chairs prepared for the Royal party, were, when the piece was over, handed to the ladies by the Princess of Wales, who gave a bouquet of corn-flowers and daisies and maidenhair fern to Lady Archibald, the Prince one of pansies and maidenhair fern, the Crown Prince a basket of yellow and white lilies; Miss Calhoun, and the other ladies also, were presented with bouquets by the Prince of Wales.



1. General View.—2 and 4. Walks in the Neighbourhood.—3. Village of San Bartolomeo.—5. Fresco of the Virgin Mary.—6. The Chapel Cloister.—7. The Pesio Torrent.





OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT COOMBE HOUSE, SURREY—LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL AS ORLANDO

*Enter ORLANDO with a paper*  
 ORLANDO—Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
 And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
 Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.  
 Act III., Sc. 2.



## NEW MUSIC

**MESSRS. RIVIÈRE AND HAWKES.**—A batch of prettily got-up dance music comes from hence. "Gavotte de la Cour du Roi Henri Quatre," by Otto Laugel, is very quaint, and will often be twice encored. The leading theme is the popular old French air from which it takes its title.—By the same composer is "Biondina," a gavotte, which will take front rank in the home circle on account of its tuneful melody; the frontispiece is a very sweet face of a fair damsel.—Very attractive for young lovers of both sexes is the group of Cupids with wreaths of roses, torch, arrow, and dove which adorn the frontispiece of "Les Baisers," a polka fantasia for the pianoforte, by M. Musard; the accompaniment of kisses *ad libitum* will scarcely meet with the approval of prudent parents even in this advanced age.—"Gavotte Royale," by Georg Asch, is a very good example of its popular school.

**THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY.**—Two excellent anthems, which will prove a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of all church choirs, are respectively, "Balaam's Prophecy" ("I Shall See Him, But Not Now"), which is suitable for all seasons, but especially for Christmas; and "Hosanna!" a full anthem. The music for both is by William Spark, Mus. Doc.; the words of the former are from Holy Writ; those of the latter are by James Cargill Guthrie. Both these anthems are sung as quartets.—Of a more ambitious type and a very musicianly work is "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Psalm xxiii.), an anthem, by A. Blissett. It commences with a very smoothly written alto solo, followed by an unaccompanied quartet, which leads up to a tenor solo. Next follows a duet for contralto and tenor, and it ends with a spirited chorus.—"Good Night, Beloved," is a pretty part-song for A. T. B. B., composed by Langton Ellis.—"French Songs for Children," with an English version by Lady Macfarren, composed by F. W. Davenport, will soon win favour in the nursery and schoolroom on account of their cheerful tunes and merry words; the little ones having learnt the English version may soon be taught the French words.—"The Gordon March," by Basil Cobbett, is more noteworthy for the good portrait of the officer whose name it bears than for the originality of the music, which will not, however, lack some admirers.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—A brace of songs, music by Charles Salaman, are of high merit, and full of originality, as is usually the case with the works of this talented composer. "Where is My Loved One," words by Miss Pardoe, is replete with sentiment a trifle too gushing for everyday life. Not so is "My Sweetheart," a naïve and sweet little love ditty, words by D. C. Hasbrouk (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—A simple and prettily-written ballad is "Rapt in Sweet Reverie," written and composed by W. C. Newsam and "Cristabel" (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—Of the same type, although the subject of the words is different, is "Pardon," a song written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Frederick F. Rogers; its importance is increased by a neatly-written violin *obligato*, arranged by Edward Solomon (Messrs. W. J. Willcocks and Co.).—No. II. of "Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Albums for Violin and Pianoforte" contains thirty melodies by B. Tours, which are expressly written to be used in connection with the author's "Violin Primer," and will prove of great use to students of that instrument (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"The Cristabel Waltz," by Ciro Fasoli (Messrs. Reid Bros.), and "The Five o'Clock Tea Polka," by Elliot Lath (T. H. Barnett), are very fair specimens of dance music.

## RURAL NOTES

**THE COUNTRY** is looking fresh and green after the rather heavy rainfall of the past fortnight. The wheat is not at all forward as a rule, and wants more sun. Happily the temperature has kept tolerably high even on wet days, and so a hot dry August will enable farmers to reap a good wheat crop in good condition, while the moisture sent us by St. Whithin has stimulated the barley, saved the oats and turnips, helped the mangolds and potatoes, and greatly improved the pastures. In the hop gardens the lice have died off almost as quickly as they came, and the majority of the gardens were clean and healthy-looking on St. James's Day, the 25th of July, of which date it used to be said that what the hops promised then they would eventually yield. These notes are from observations of Kentish hop gardens, but from Hereford and Worcester reports also show improvement.

**THE WARWICKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** are preparing for a fine Show at Stratford-on-Avon on the 2nd and 3rd of September. Entries, which close on the 9th of August, are expected to be very numerous, as the really handsome sum of eleven hundred pounds is offered in prizes; and to say that exhibitors at these Shows are not pot hunters is to pay a compliment, and ignore—a fact. A fine site near the town and railway should add to the Show's chances of success. We are glad to hear that special prizes are offered for samples of new corn grown by regular attendants at the local market.

**THE HIGHLAND CENTENARY SHOW** which has just been held has been a great success, and the exhibition of 1884 marks a distinct advance upon the best of its predecessors. The Dean Park, where the Show was held, is scarcely large enough for the purpose. We should have liked to have seen the implements as well laid out on open grass spaces as was done in Lord Braybrooke's Park at Saffron Walden, and the cattle might have had at least as much space as they found at King's Lynn. The most remarkable features about the Show were the Clydesdale horses, the polled Angus and short-horn cattle, and the black-faced Cheviot and Border Leicester sheep. The show of pigs was poor, but the implement yard was well filled with interesting exhibits.

**THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE SHOW.**—This being the twenty-first year of the Society's meetings, special efforts were made to "celebrate the coming of age." The Show was accordingly somewhat gayer, and somewhat better attended than usual, but the exhibits showed no conspicuous advance on recent years, although the prize list was largely augmented for the occasion. The show of sheep was an exceedingly good one, and constituted the finest feature of the Show. Cart horses were also very good, and we noticed some excellent hunters. Cattle, however, were hardly up to standard, although Lord Braybrooke, Mr. Chalk, of Linton, and Mr. Gunnell, of Melton, sent some meritorious animals. Messrs. Howard's exhibits of pigs carried everything before them in the swine classes.

**DURNFORD HALL** is a well and solidly-built country house situated amid what Americans would call "the rolling prairies" to the south of Whitchurch in Shropshire. The house and farm buildings form a three-sided quadrangle, as we might say if writing to an Irish journal. The highway, well and carefully fenced, divides many of the fields, which vary in size from two to twenty acres, and which are for the most part of an easy working and sandy soil. The land was drained in the last good harvest year, 1874, and was drained well, three to four feet deep, the drainage all coming to well-built outfalls in nooks and ditches. The stock on the farm includes fifty cows in milk, and while two and three year olds are favoured, good milkers are kept till six or seven years old. There are ten or twelve yearling heifers, and these will be brought to the pail on reaching the full second year. In addition to these, there are a dozen heifer calves, large and promising for their months, and the same number of discarded cows are fatted off each year or sold

to be fed elsewhere. This is the farm to which the Royal Society have awarded their first prize.

**SUFFOLK.**—A good Show has just been held at Stowmarket. The Channel Islands cattle were well represented, while the Polled cows made a very good class, and the Suffolk cows in milk or calf did credit to the county. The Suffolk sheep were interesting, and some good Southdowns were also shown.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—We hear that the Committee of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society, with a view to aid the efforts of the organisers of the Dairy Conference recently held at Gloucester, have arranged with the Dairy Supply Company to equip and exhibit a complete working dairy at the forthcoming Show. Dairy operations will be explained by Mr. W. W. Chilton, who lectured throughout Ireland for the Royal Agricultural Society of that country with what is generally known as Canon Bago's Travelling Dairy. The attempts to improve dairy farming in western and south-western England come rather late in the day; but late or early they deserve the warmest encouragement and support from all who wish to see agriculture once more flourishing in these fertile districts.

**LINCOLNSHIRE** should have sent its many thousand tenant-farmers to the fine Show recently held at Grantham. The weather was very showery, but a little more hardihood in facing the rain might have been expected in a purely agricultural district. The show of shorthorns was extremely good, there being seventy-five entries—mostly of first-rate animals. In the Bull class the greatest interest was excited by the meeting of Mr. Handley's "Hovingham" and Mr. Foljambe's "Bright Helen." The first award went to Hovingham, which animal was also first at the Royal Show. Lincoln Sheep, of course, were a great feature of the Show, there being no fewer than ninety-three entries, most of them of a very high order of merit.

**ENGLISH CORN.**—The sales of home-grown grain at 187 markets since the harvest of 1883 have been—2,650,000 quarters of wheat, 2,060,000 quarters of barley, and 500,000 quarters of oats. These quantities may be stated to be quite 5 per cent. above expectation, so that the 1883 crop has threshed out better than was anticipated. The average prices since harvest have been—wheat 38s. 9d., barley 31s. 5d., and oats 20s. 2d. per quarter. For the same period of the preceding cereal year they were 41s. 9d., 32s. 10d., and 21s. 7d. respectively, so that wheat has declined 3s., barley 1s. 5d., and oats also 1s. 5d. per quarter on the twelvemonth.

## LEGAL

A COURT-MARTIAL assembled on Tuesday, at Plymouth, on board H.M.S. *Royal Adelaide*, to try Captain Pollard, of H.M.S. *Defence*, for alleged negligence in connection with the collision in Bantry Bay, recorded in our last week's issue, between that vessel and H.M.S. *Valiant*. The Hon. Bernard Coleridge, who appeared, as the prisoner's friend, objected to Rear-Admiral Curme, who presided, because he had officiated as president of a former Court of Inquiry on Captain Pollard, who, they having been on bad terms since, believed that the mind of the Rear-Admiral was biased against him. The Court was then cleared for an hour and a half, when the Judge-Advocate read a decision to the effect that the prisoner's objection was disallowed because the case referred to had no connection with the present investigation. Further, the President distinctly denied the existence of a bias in his mind against the prisoner. Nevertheless, having reference to the peculiar circumstances and position in which the president had been placed by the prisoner's statement, the Court had resolved to adjourn until the receipt of further directions.

THE COURT OF APPEAL have confirmed the refusal of the Court below to grant a new trial, on the ground of excessive damages in the action (reported at the time in this column) brought by General Brereton against the Great Eastern Company for injuries sustained by him on their line, and for which a jury awarded him 6,500l.

THE PROTRACTED PROCEEDINGS in the action brought against Dr. Semple by Mrs. Weldon have terminated in a victory for her, and the trial has more than a personal or temporary interest, since some of the disclosures made in its course will probably lead to a revision and modification of some of the enactments of the Lunacy Laws. The action was partly for trespass on the part of Dr. Semple in entering the plaintiff's house with another medical man, under a false pretence, to examine into her mental condition. But the main issue was whether the defendant did not, from some sinister motive, sign a certificate of her insanity which would have contributed to have her placed in a lunatic asylum, had she not escaped from her house and concealed herself. Mr. Justice Hawkins, who summed up at considerable length, had grave doubts whether the entry into her house was not so authorised by her husband or herself as to deprive it of the character of a trespass. Even on this point the jury found for the plaintiff, and awarded her 20l. damages. On the main point, however, the judge summed up strongly in her favour, and animadverted severely on the conduct of Dr. Forbes Winslow, in whose asylum Mrs. Weldon was to have been placed, in selecting the two medical men who were to pronounce upon her sanity, one of them, the defendant, being an old personal friend of his, and having certified many persons for his asylum. The replies of the jury to a series of questions from the judge included, among other findings, that Mrs. Weldon was not insane at the time of her examination; that she did not make the statements when alone with Dr. Semple which he alleged in his certificate to have been made by her then, and to have induced him to believe in her insanity; that, in fact, he did not believe her then to be insane, and that he signed the certificate from a sinister motive. The jury accordingly awarded her 1,000l. damages. Mr. Justice Hawkins granted an application from the defendant's counsel for time to appeal, but only if security were given for the damages, &c., Mrs. Weldon, on this condition, signifying her assent to it.

ANNIE JOHNSON, thirty-seven, dressmaker, convicted of the abduction of a child ("the Folkestone Mystery") under circumstances already detailed in this column, has been sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to twelve months' hard labour. The prisoner, her counsel stated, persisted in professing ignorance of the child's whereabouts. The Recorder said that she might be speaking the truth, but she was responsible for the child's disappearance from Folkestone; the girl might easily have been sent across to the Continent, and if so it was for no good purpose. There was no reason, he added, to suppose that the child had been taken away by a Sister of Mercy.

ON TUESDAY, the day after triumphing in her action against Dr. Semple, Mrs. Weldon, as usual, appearing in person, defeated an attempt of Dr. Forbes Winslow to snatch from her the fruits of a previous victory over him. As formerly reported in this column, some months ago, she sued him for trespass, assault, libel, &c., on account of his share in the proceedings which led to her prosecution of Dr. Semple, reported above. The judge who tried the action, Mr. Baron Huddleston, was of opinion that the entry, being into her husband's house, was not trespass, and that Dr. Forbes Winslow's statement as to her insanity being privileged, and made without evidence of malice, was not a libel. On these grounds he would not allow the case to go to the jury, and she was nonsuited. On an appeal to the Divisional Court Mr. Justice Manisty took a different view, and, setting aside the nonsuit, ordered a new trial. Against that decision Dr. Forbes Winslow in his

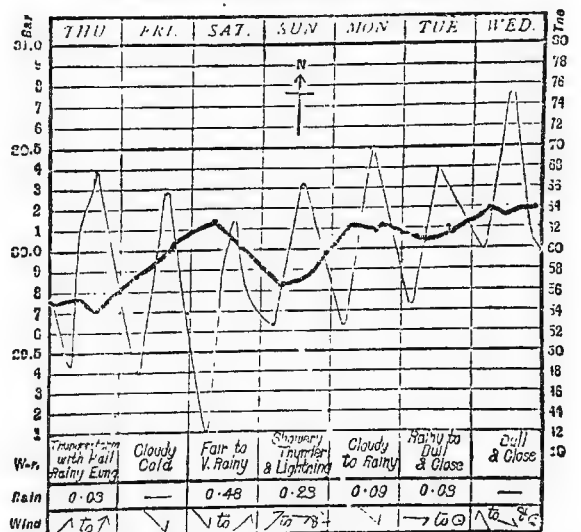
turn appealed this week, when the Court of Appeal upheld Mr. Justice Manisty's decision, so that there will be a new trial. In delivering the judgment of the Court the Master of the Rolls referred to the fact that when making his statement as to the insanity of Mrs. Weldon Dr. Forbes Winslow was the keeper of the asylum in which, if found a lunatic, she was to be confined. Anything more dangerous, he said, than this conjunction of functions could not, to his mind, be conceived.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" OUT OF DOORS.—On another page we have given some account of the play, but the following, which is written by one of the performers, may also be found interesting:—"The idea of having the play performed in the open air, in a real wood, was broached to Mr. Godwin by Lady Archibald Campbell in the spring of the present year, when she asked him whether he would arrange the play, select and rehearse the company, and manage the whole business. This he consented to do, and gratuitously from that period has given his time day after day to ensure a successful issue, directing the rehearsals in London and in the country, selecting the greater part of the company, superintending the dresses, plotting out the stage and designing the auditorium, and even giving private coaching to certain of the actors. No one, not even Mr. Hermann Vezin, ventured to interfere with the lines laid down by Mr. Godwin, who introduced 'the gentlemen of estate' mentioned in Act I., as visiting the banished Duke; restored Sir Oliver Martext, and also the speeches of Jaques and the First Lord, thus giving to Mr. Hermann Vezin new study and an opportunity he never had before. The arrangement of the curtain and the delicate sap-green colour of the drapery of the auditorium were Mr. Godwin's doing, and the writer can vouch for it that no spot of inharmonious colour, which would occasionally creep in during rehearsals, was allowed to remain. The greatest nervousness experienced by the actors was when they played the full-dress rehearsal without interruption before the critical but patient manager, who sat alone in the centre of the auditorium in Coombe grounds, 'under the greenwood tree.'—T. T. A."

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE was held in London on Tuesday to initiate a movement for the promotion of a scheme of federation between the United Kingdom and our Colonies. The grounds and main object of the movement are expressed in the following extract from the statement circulated by the Committee which convened the Conference:—"That in order to maintain the permanent unity of the Empire, some extension of its political organisation will be indispensable, so that the large and rapidly-increasing population of the portions of the Empire beyond the seas may have an adequate voice in the control of foreign relations, defence, and all other interests and concerns, and may take a fair share in sustaining Imperial responsibilities." Mr. W. E. Forster presided, and among those present were such representatives of both the Liberal and Conservative parties as Lord Rosebery, Viscount Bury, the Earl of Camperdown, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P. (who moved the first resolution), Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., along with representatives of our chief colonies, including the Agent-Generals for New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Cape Colony, the High Commissioner for Canada, and the Premier of Ontario. In his opening address Mr. Forster disclaimed any notion of settling the ultimate form of federation. The main object of the Society which they hoped to found was to keep the idea and aim of permanent union constantly before the public at home and in the Colonies. In an able speech Lord Rosebery gave two practical illustrations of what he thought would be the effect of a united Empire by asking whether they believed that if Australia had been an integral part of the Empire as Kent it would have been seriously proposed to turn the criminal refuse of France upon an island only a few hours distant from the shores of those Colonies, or that, if Australia had the same position in our Empire which Scotland or Ireland held, she would not claim to be heard in regard to events passing on the banks of the Suez Canal, which was the nearest route between Great Britain and the Southern Empire? Among the other speakers was the Premier of Ontario, who said that in Canada they felt it impossible for the present state of things to be permanent. Before the proceedings terminated a Provisional Committee was appointed, with Mr. W. E. Forster for Chairman, to adjust details for the formation of a Society, consisting of men of all parties, to advocate and support the principle of federation.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 24 TO JULY 30 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—A continuation of changeable, showery, cloudy, and cool weather has again been experienced during the past week. At the commencement of the period a depression had passed from our Northern coasts on to Norway, and in its rear (after some temporary unsteadiness due to small disturbances), the barometer rose generally. The wind veered to the northward, and blew with some strength in the west, showers became general, temperature fell, and thunderstorms, with hail, occurred in many places. In the course of Saturday and Sunday (26th and 27th ult.) a depression advanced in an easterly direction from the west of Ireland to the east of England, and the barometer consequently fell at all the Irish and English stations, while the wind drew into the southward and westward, with showery and cool weather. During Sunday (27th ult.) a thunderstorm occurred in London, and thunder was heard at Oxford. Pressure during the closing days of the week ruled comparatively high, and readings were fairly uniform, with slight gradients for southerly and westerly breezes. Showery, cloudy weather continued to prevail at most places, while the air became damp and very close. The highest maximum reading for the week was 73°, registered on Tuesday (28th ult.) at Prawle Point. During Friday night (25th ult.) the thermometer on the grass in London fell to 52°. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (23rd ult.); lowest (29.73 inches) on Thursday (24th ult.); range, 0.47 inches. Temperature was highest (75°) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (42°) on Saturday (26th ult.); range, 33°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.86 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.48 inches on Saturday (26th ult.)



"ALWAYS YOUNG."



## BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE CUCUMBER

KEEPS THE SKIN COOL AND REFRESHED IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER. REMOVES AND PREVENTS SUN BURN, REDNESS, FRECKLES, TAN, &c., AND RENDERS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

It is the best preparation ever produced for preserving the youthful bloom and beauty of the skin to advanced age, not by depositing upon it a layer of noxious powder, which stops up the pores, and prevents their natural action, but by keeping the skin soft and the pores in a clear and healthy condition. They can then always throw off any irritating secretion, which, if they are stopped up by becoming dry and contracted from being out in the scorching sun or wind, they cannot do, and so cause Freckles, Redness, &c. No lady who values her complexion should ever be without this delightful emollient milk.

Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra by sole makers.

M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

"ALWAYS FAIR."

## APOLOGY.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN and COMPANY beg to offer their sincere Apologies to the numerous patrons who, having applied for Patterns of advertised Goods, have received no reply to their request.

This negligence only having come to their knowledge within the last few days, Messrs. C. and Co. have taken immediate steps to rectify such omission by discharging the assistant whose culpabilities have occasioned this neglect, and beg to assure their numerous clientèle of the strictest and immediate personal attention to all commands.

31-5-84.

(Signed)

JAMES CHAPMAN,  
Managing Director.

## CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, NOTTING HILL, W.

### SILKS AND SATINS.

SPECIALITY—BLACK SATIN, 42s. for 12 yards.  
SPECIALITY—BLACK LYONS GROS GRAIN, 42s. for 12 yards.  
SPECIALITY—BLACK OTTOMAN, 42s. for 12 yards.  
SPECIALITY—BLACK BROCHES, 47s. 6d. for 12 yards.

Also the Celebrated CASHMERE ORIENTAL, 5s. 11d. and 7s. 11d., every yard guaranteed.

**ITALIAN OTTOMAN SILKS.**—A new class of Ribbed Silk, in two widths cords. A capital series of new shades, both in light and dark Colours, are shown in each set of patterns, and very splendid value is given for the money. 12 yards for 42s. 22 inches wide.

### CHANGÉANT SILKS.

This opportune revival of a past fashion is one of the prettiest fancies of the season. Used either for an entire Costume, or only as a Trimming, it is most effective and stylish. The combinations of Colours are beautiful. 21 inches wide, 3s. 11d. per yard.

**BLACK BROCHÉ SILKS.**—EXTRAORDINARY.—A large Parcel of the above beautiful Goods, i.e., Fifty Pieces, all one pattern, marked to sell at 1s. 9d. per yard, 22 inches wide. Much below market value.

### COLOURED FOULARDS.

In plain Colours. All the fashionable Shades for this season, both light and dark, are shown among the patterns. For cool dresses and inexpensive costumes these useful Silks are most desirable, and strongly recommended. 23 inches wide, 1s. 9d., 2s. 3d. per yard.

NEW WASHING SILK SURAHs, 12 Yards for ONE GUINEA.

SPUN SILK WASHING SILKS,

Very Good Quality, 12 Yards for 10s. 6d., 21 inches wide.

A Rich Black Silk Velvet, 12 yards long, 20 inches wide, for £4 4s. the dress length.

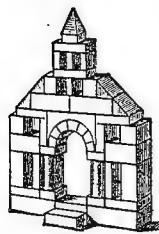
An extra quality, do., do., 12 yards long, £5 5s.

A Real Lyons Silk Velvet, 18 yards, for £8 8s.

ANGLO-INDIAN, 8 YARDS FOR £1. SIXTY NEW COLOURS.

PATTERNS FREE. PATTERNS FREE. NEW SYSTEM CASH.

## CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, NOTTING HILL, W.



### EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN WHILE YOU AMUSE THEM. INSTRUCTIVE TOYS

are now being adopted by all advanced and educated persons for their children, as they develop the intellectual faculties of children, laying a sound foundation for their educational training.

A List of these Instructive Toys and High Class Educational Novelties, amongst which the NEW BUILDING BRICKS of REAL STONE take the first place, will be forwarded post free on application. Wholesale and Retail, Sole Agents for England of the Patent Stone Building Bricks.

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### THE BEST DISINFECTANT.

## HARTIN'S CRIMSON

Used in hot or cold bathing, agreeably with instructions, it keeps the skin healthy, gives vigour and firmness to the body, freshens and preserves the complexion, and is highly conducive to robust health. A Shilling Bottle (portable) makes 300 gallons crimson fluid, as required. Sold by Chemists. Free to any address for 12 stamps by HARTIN'S CRIMSON SALT CO., Limited, WORCESTER.

## SALT.

### THE BEST DISINFECTANT.

## THE BEST LINEN-MARKER.

1s. The invention of Ming Shulsh, a Japanese Chemist. It requires no heating, will not wash out, and does not burn the material. A child can use it. You can always carry it in your pocket, and use it as an ordinary pencil. It will mark five thousand garments. You may wash and rub them as hard as you wish, but you can never stir that mark. Sent free on receipt of 1s. 21.

J. G. FOOT and SON, 101, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

### JAY'S PERIODICAL SALE.

NOTICE.—Owing to a great pressure of business, Messrs. JAY have been unable to make an earlier arrangement for their PERIODICAL SALE, but they now offer the following fashionable and useful component parts to a well-dressed Lady's Répertoire, at marvellously reduced prices.

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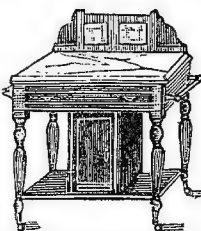
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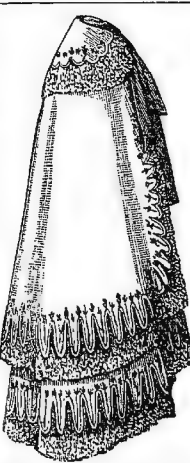
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1 Flannel Head Square, embroidered	0 9	0 4 6
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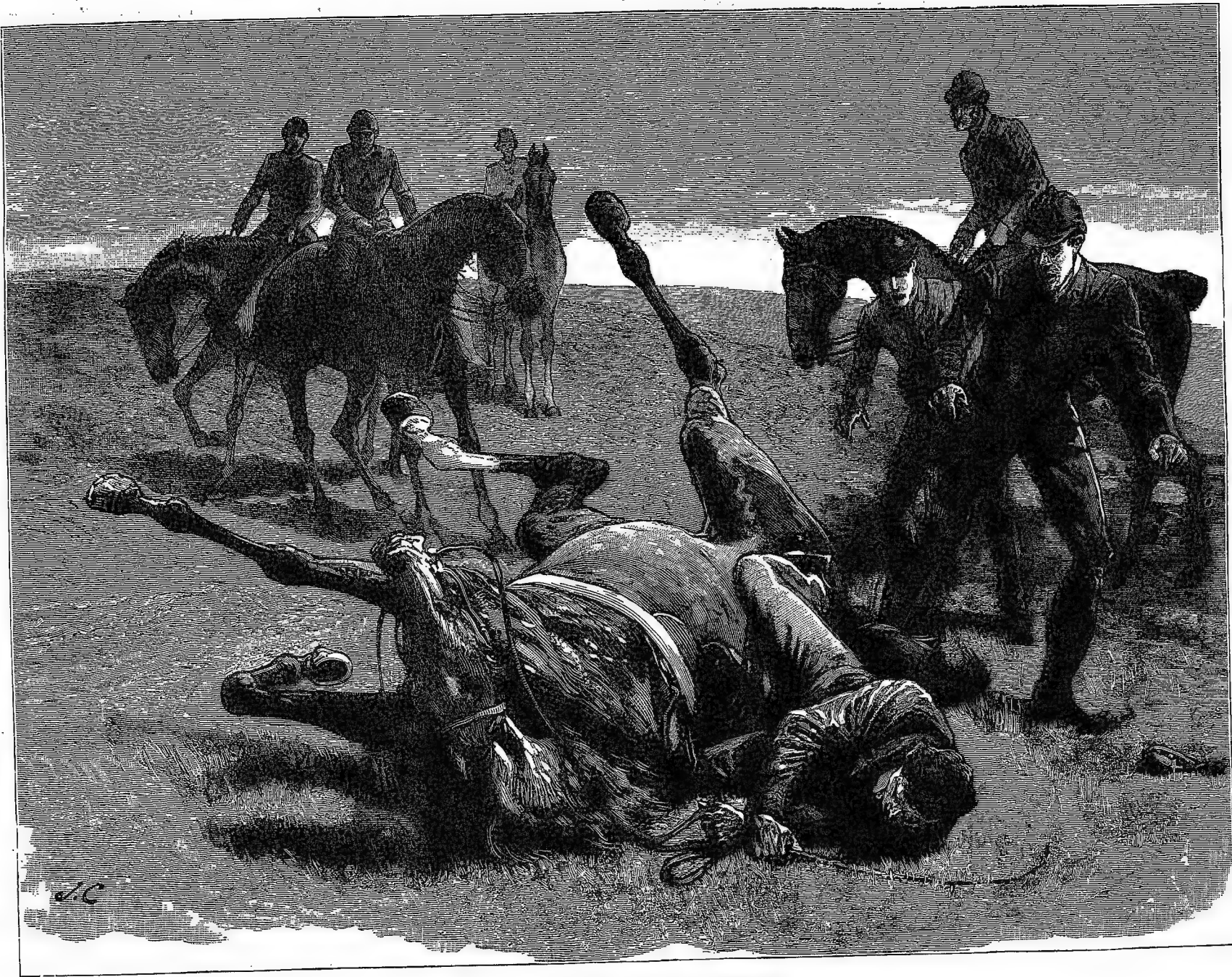




BRITISH YACHTSMEN—A PORTRAIT GROUP

SEE KEY-BLOCK PAGE 118





DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"The Dancing Master suddenly rears up and throws himself back, and comes down with Gerald's leg under him."

# FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

## CHAPTER V.

### DEATH OF THE SQUIRE

A COLD January day, and the bitter north-east wind swirled through the avenues of Cranley Chase, making the old oaks creak again. In the principal street of the little village men stopped each other, despite the keenness of the weather, to ask what was the news from the great house; for all Cranley knew that the lord of the Chase lay dying. The village doctor had said openly at the Rockingham Arms that it was a question now not of days but of hours. The famous London physician had been down, at Gerald's earnest request, only to shake his head solemnly, and say that there was no more to be done. On the Squire's family his mortal sickness came like a thunderbolt; but it was no surprise to Alistair Rockingham himself, who had long been conscious that life's machinery was giving way; for himself, he could have turned his face to the wall and met his doom calmly; but his end was terribly embittered at the thought of those he was about to leave behind. He knew very well what little provision there would be for them, and felt that it was he himself who had steered the ship upon the breakers. It may be doubted whether even Alistair Rockingham himself was aware of how utterly ruined he really was. He did as men sometimes do under such circumstances,—sent for his solicitor, Mr. Pearson, and his cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, in the vague hope that they might devise some salvage out of the wreck, and very shortly after their arrival the Squire breathed his last, confiding the interests of those nearest and dearest to him—had he only known it—to the very two men who might, an they willed, have saved him.

It is the day after the funeral. Alistair Rockingham has been laid to his rest with all due pomp and ceremony in the old churchyard where so many of his race lie sleeping. His tenantry and the villagers—who, indeed, may all be included in the former category, as Cranley for the most part belonged to him—have stared their hardest at the sombre pageantry, and many of them shed tears by the graveside of one who, reckless as he may have been of his own affairs, had always proved a kind landlord.

Seated in the library of the Chase were Samuel Pearson, solicitor, and Cuthbert Elliston. On the table between them stood a decanter of sherry and a plate of biscuits.

"Well, poor Alistair has gone at last," said Elliston. "I suppose you've got the will there all ready to read to the widow and her children?"

"Yes," rejoined Pearson; "just as he backed horses when they had no chance to win, so he made his will when he had no money to leave."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes," returned Pearson; "the old place is mortgaged down to the conservatory; the house to the top rafter."

"You must have feathered your nest pretty well," observed Cuthbert with a sneer.

"D—n it, Mr. Elliston, I'll not stand such language from you, as if you hadn't had your share of the cake."

"Chut! man; keep your temper. We are not children who, having eaten the kernel, quarrel over the shells. I suppose that last Leger about finished him."

"Yes; the poor Squire would have it that Caterham must win. You, I, Bill Greyson, and Broughton, the bookmaker, thought he couldn't, and when we think they can't win—"

"They generally don't," interrupted Elliston, "which shows what good judges we are, especially when they are in our stable. I suppose the widow will have to go?"

"Yes; Cranley Chase must come to the hammer, and there will be a very slender income left for Mrs. Rockingham to live upon."

"And that young cub will have to turn out and get his own living?"

"That's so. You don't like that boy, Mr. Elliston, but he's popular with the people about, and few of them would call him a young cub."

"I hate the whelp, and I don't care who knows it. I hate his mother—she always distrusted me, and taught him to do the same."

"I don't know that she was altogether wrong to do that," observed Pearson, musingly.

"Confound it, sir, what do you mean?"

"I thought we weren't to quarrel. I've just sent word to Mrs. Rockingham to say that I want to see her on business, and she has replied she will be here in a few minutes."

The words had hardly left his lips when the door opened, and the widow, attired in her sable draperies, and accompanied by her daughter, entered the room.

"I have here," said Pearson, "your lamented husband's last will and testament, but it is my painful duty to inform you that he died a ruined man, and that I can see no possibility of averting the sale of Cranley Chase."

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, where are you?" exclaimed the sorrow-

stricken woman. "I cannot understand it all! Oh, my son, come and talk to these men for me!"

"I am here, mother," said Gerald, who had entered the room noiselessly just in time to overhear his mother's last words, "what do you want of me?"

"It has been my painful duty," interposed Pearson, "to explain to Mrs. Rockingham the true position of her affairs—to break to her, in short, the sad fact of her ruin, and that Mrs. Rockingham should be very much upset at hearing it is only natural; but the truth had to be broken to her sooner or later, and I thought it more judicious that she should know of it at once."

"And I think Pearson's right," broke in Elliston. "It's no use shilly-shallying when an ugly story is to be told. It's a bad business, Beatrice, but you will have henceforth to face the world with very narrow means, while, as for you, Gerald," he continued, almost brutally, "this means an end of Cambridge. I don't suppose you'll be doing much good there; you'll have to turn to now and get your own living."

"That is my business," retorted Gerald, sharply. "Neither my mother nor myself are likely to consult you about our affairs."

"You're surely not mean enough to think of living on her?" sneered Cuthbert.

"Certainly not," answered Gerald, his eyes sparkling with passion. "But it's nothing to you how I propose to earn my bread and cheese."

"Well," rejoined Elliston, as if bent upon irritating the boy, "you can ride and shoot—there never was a Rockingham that couldn't. I should suggest you turning under-gamekeeper or pad groom."

Gerald sprang forward, and had not his sister caught him by the arm and Mr. Pearson thrown himself in front of Elliston, the youth would undoubtedly have struck him.

"Do control your temper," said Ellen Rockingham, and for a few seconds more the young fellow's eyes flashed, and the veins in his forehead stood out. Then with a violent effort he controlled himself, and said with sarcastic courtesy:

"Thank you for your advice. In the mean time, as I presume for the next few days Cranley Chase is still ours, allow me to point out that neither my mother nor myself are in the mood to entertain visitors at present." And as he concluded Gerald motioned significantly to the door. A furious scowl came over Elliston's face, and for a moment he seemed disposed to break out into a torrent of



recrimination, but finally followed the example of his young cousin, and rejoined:

"Good-bye, I wish you success in either of your new vocations." Pearson gathered up his papers, and as he followed his companion out of the room whispered in his ear:

"If that wasn't a direct hint to go, I never got one."

"I mistrust that man, Gerald, dear," said Mrs. Rockingham. "He detests you, and I'm sure that he led poor Alister into many of his more serious scrapes. Whenever they went racing together your poor father always lost."

"And my cousin Cuthbert?" inquired Gerald.

"I don't know. No one, I fancy, ever knew much about his affairs, but I have a suspicion that your poor father paid for him many a time when things went against him."

"You need not fear my making him my confidant," said Gerald. "He has always disliked me from my boyhood."

Mr. Gerald Rockingham would have been mightily offended had any one presumed to hint that he was still not quite over.

"But, Gerald," interposed Ellen, "you surely have no idea of turning groom or gamekeeper? Of course, we must do our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us, but anything of that sort would be so very humiliating for a Rockingham!"

She had her mission, and her own ideas of doing good, but under no circumstances must there be any debasement of the family name.

"No, Ellen," said Gerald, as he wound his arm round her waist, "I don't, of course, know what I am going to do yet, but I don't suppose I shall turn my attention to either of those pursuits. Still it is very difficult to get something to do when you have been brought up to do nothing. I'm not a clever fellow, you know, and it's rather difficult to say to what I could turn my hand. Of course, mother, we shall have to leave Cranley Chase, but they are sure to give us decent time to arrange that. The sale of a big landed property is not managed in a moment. When you and Ellen are comfortably settled somewhere, then I shall begin to look about me."

The boy seemed transformed; the knowledge of the loss of his inheritance seemed to have made a man of him. Already he was facing the situation in the way men, if they have any "grit" in them, do face ruin.

"It comes hard upon you, Gerald," said Mrs. Rockingham, as she kissed him; "but remember I could never bear to hear a word against your father."

"As if I would ever utter one against him. He was the *beau idéal* of a Yorkshire gentleman. And if the old place is gone, why we must just make the best of it. Do you think, mother dear, that Pearson has been quite honest in his dealings?"

"I cannot say. Your poor father placed implicit reliance upon him, especially in all cases of raising money."

"I shall ride into York to-morrow, and ask Mr. Writson to act for me in the settlement of our affairs. He has the reputation of being an honest man, and though I don't suppose he can do much for us, yet he may be able to save something for us out of the wreck. There are one or two people I want to see besides."

The one or two people that Gerald wanted to see besides might have been condensed into Dollie Greyson, whom he found had just returned to her uncle's after spending her Christmas holidays at Riddleton Grange.

The next day accordingly saw Gerald riding into York. Mr. Writson, a shrewd, able lawyer, gave him but cold comfort. He said he should be happy to do his best, but was afraid that Mr. Pearson had only too accurate a knowledge of the Squire's embarrassments. "Indeed, sir," he continued, "I regret to say that it has been rumoured for some time that Mr. Rockingham was in difficulties. However, as I said before, if you wish me to act for you I will."

That point satisfactorily settled, Gerald made the best of his way to Coney Street. Dollie was not in the shop, and, walking straight up to her uncle, Gerald asked if he could see her. He had so often taken the girl out riding that there was nothing unusual in this request, and Thomas Greyson replied at once, "Yes; you'll find her in the sitting-room upstairs."

He found Dollie busy at the piano. She turned round when she heard the door open, and exclaimed, holding out her hand:

"Oh, Gerald, I am so glad to see you again, and I am so sorry for you besides, for, of course, we have all heard of your loss."

"Yes, though not, perhaps, the whole of it. I have come to say good-bye to you. When I put that ring on your finger last September, and wanted you to consider it an engaged ring, I honestly meant it. I looked forward in a few years to making you my wife. But it has all altered now. I am simply ruined. Whether you would have said 'Yes' I can't say, but I only know that as soon as ever I came of age I should have asked you to marry me."

"And if you had been the heir of Cranley Chase, I think I should have said 'No,' although I love you very dearly, but now I am yours, whatever your position in life may be, whenever you come to claim me."

"Ah, Dollie," he replied, gravely, "you don't know how complete a wreck it is. What is left will barely support my mother and sister, and how I am to get my own living I really don't know, unless I follow the advice that brute Cuthbert Elliston gave me. He told me I'd better turn pad groom or gamekeeper. And it's bitterly true, Dollie. I *can* shoot and I *can* ride, but I think I like riding best."

"Can ride!" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes; "I should think you can do it. You remember the famous day when you got leave to take me to Askham Boggs. What a day we had; but splashed, torn, and dishevelled as I was, we *did* see the finish of that run by hook or by crook, and there were many good men of the hunt who didn't."

"Ah! well, Dollie, I suppose I'd best go for pad groom, or something of that kind."

"Stop; I have an idea. Listen to me. You have often laughed, and said what a practical little woman I am. If you turn groom, Gerald, you'll remain a groom all your life; and, though I'll be your wife all the same, I don't want that for your sake. Come into father's stable. He's a hard master, I know; but you will at all events see me a little, and I can, perhaps, make things easy for you. Father will do anything for me. Remember stable-boys become jockeys, and jockeys in these days make fortunes."

"But wouldn't he recognise me?"

"No. Your father has not trained with mine for many years. I know he never saw you at Doncaster last year; and even if he has seen you once or twice, he will never recognise the heir of Cranley Chase in the stable-boy seeking a situation. But I shall, Gerald, dear."

"By Heavens, I'll try it, Dollie."

## CHAPTER VI.

### RIDDLETON MOOR

ABOUT three months have elapsed since Gerald made up his mind to follow Dollie Greyson's advice. Both men and horses are pretty busy upon Riddleton Moor this March morning, for the racing season is now in full swing, and the trainer knows that his charges are wanted just as often as he can get them ready. William Greyson's is not a large stable; still he has a tolerably good string, there being some sixteen or eighteen horses doing their work on the Moor this morning, some taking walking exercise in their sheets, some of

them, divested of their clothing, doing good steady canter at different distances. But the whole excitement of the morning seemed centred in a group of three horses which are evidently preparing for a good strong gallop, and what particularly attracted attention to them were the vagaries of a slashing iron-grey colt, the mounting of which even seemed no easy matter. As for the unfortunate boy destined for the top of that colt's back, he evidently looked forward to no pleasant ride. This was the Dancing Master, a magnificent three-year-old, but afflicted with a most uncontrollable temper. That the boy was thrown into the saddle was a matter of course; but the Dancing Master apparently deeply resented the indignity: he lashed out twice wickedly; but the two or three people about him understood him much too well not to have kept well clear of his heels. His young rider, although a good deal shaken in his seat, managed to stick on, and then the Dancing Master condescended to walk quietly after his two stable companions.

"Now, Donaldson," said Greyson, addressing the leading boy, who was mounted on a rich dark chestnut horse; "you know what I want: a strong pace for the first three-quarters of a mile, and then brush them up a bit the last two furlongs. Now then; off you go."

The horses jumped off; but that wasn't all; for the Dancing Master immediately indulged in two tremendous plunges, and his boy was jumped off too. The horse seemed perfectly satisfied with his achievement, for he remained quietly shaking his head, and made no attempt to follow his companions, who promptly stopped at Greyson's emphatic shout to them to pull up.

"Confound you!" muttered the trainer, almost shaking his fist at the horse as he caught him by the bridle. "What an unnatural brute you are; when you know you can run clean away from anything in the stable, why don't you go and do it, instead of indulging in these tantrums?—Here, Donaldson; walk your horse down to where Butters is, on the far side of the ground, and tell him he must come up here to give the Dancing Master his gallop."

Butters really was a fine horseman, and, but for his weight, might have been riding races at this time. He was very soon upon the back of the grey, and after two or three plunges the horse seemed to recognise there was no possibility of getting rid of him. Once more was the order given to go, and Donaldson again leads the way; this time the Dancing Master slips off in easy fashion, and follows his leaders in sober, decorous manner. Things went very well till they came to the six-furlong post, where, according to orders, Donaldson quickened his pace, and then to Mr. Greyson's utter astonishment the Dancing Master apparently couldn't hold his own. The trainer set spurs to his hack and galloped down as soon as the spin was over to know what was the meaning of this.

"Well, Joe," he exclaimed, as he arrived at the mile-post, "what was it?"

"Just this, sir," replied Butters; "the minute I called upon him to go a bit in earnest he sulked and shut up."

"He wasn't done at all?" inquired the trainer.

"Done!" replied the head lad. "Not a bit of it—he was pulling my arms off. He simply refused to go on. There's some of them have done racing when they have done pulling. Blessed if this horse ain't a conundrum. I believe him to be a real flyer if it wasn't for his temper. I've backed him for the Two Thousand, and most devoutly wish I hadn't."

"Well, Joe, I think you may take 'em all home now. There's no more to be done this morning."

When Mr. Greyson, after handing his hack over to one of the stablemen, walked towards the house, he found hanging about the gate a dark-eyed-looking lad attired in a grey-tweed stable jacket, moleskin trousers fitting pretty tightly to the leg, with some half-dozen buttons at the bottom outside each ankle, a rather gaudy silk handkerchief twisted round his neck, and a tweed cap slouched over his brows.

"Well, my lad, what do you want?" inquired the trainer.

"Work," replied Gerald curtly, as he touched his cap.

"Of what kind? And what makes you come to me?"

"I think I can ride," replied Gerald.

"Nobody ever comes to me who doesn't," rejoined Greyson, "and it's astonishing how I differ with them at the end of the week. Mark me, my lad, there's always room in a racing stable for a boy who can ride; but I keep a trial horse. Do you know what that means?"

"Of course; one with which you test the capabilities of the other horses in your stable."

While they were speaking, the trainer led the way through the wicket, and strolling leisurely across the grass plat, they now arrived at the porch. At the sound of their voices a half-open lattice was pushed still further open, and Dollie's head peeped out. The speakers could not see her in consequence of the roof of the porch, at the entrance of which they stopped, nor she them, but she could overhear every word they uttered, and naturally recognised their voices. It is almost superfluous to say that Dollie was perfectly well aware of the morning on which her lover was to make his application for employment at the Riddleton stables. Indeed, she had already exchanged a few words with Gerald at the gate while her father was on the Moor.

"No; my trial horse is a test of my lads' riding. The Dancing Master (you'll understand his name when you've had a ride on him) is about the wickedest I ever had in training. Now, look here, boy: if you like to ride him a gallop to-morrow morning, and he don't put you down or run away with you, I'll give you a chance. Be here at six to-morrow morning, and in the mean time, if you go into the house, they will give you something to eat and a mug of ale."

Gerald winced a little at the trainer's last remark, but there was one who winced far more than he did, and that one was Dollie, who had not lost one word of the conversation. She could not repress a slight shiver as her lover's degradation was thus brought home to her, and she remembered that it was she who had counselled his taking this step. Many girls would have felt nervous and frightened at the idea of the ordeal he was to go through on the morrow, and Dollie knew perfectly well what giving that iron-grey colt a gallop meant, but it must be borne in mind that Dollie had been brought up amongst horses and horsemen. She knew Gerald could ride, and believed in his riding as only a girl does believe in her lover's ability to do anything. No; she might be a little anxious, but she had no fear for him on the morrow, it was the humiliation of to-day that wounded her so deeply, that her Gerald—Gerald Rockingham, of Cranley Chase, should be consigned to her father's kitchen to get "something to eat and a mug of ale"—and this was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her home! He who should have come there as an honoured guest was meeting with the reception of a mere stable-lad on trial! And then Dollie knit her pretty brows in dire perplexity, and wondered whether she had been right in advising the step!

As for Gerald, he cared little about it. He walked off to the kitchen, joked the maids, and devoured the food and drink set before him with a hearty appetite. One accomplishment stood him in good stead. It is not an uncommon one. People born in the country, although they may speak excellent English, can also, if they choose, speak the *patois* of their country. Gerald was one of these, and could speak the broadest Yorkshire when it pleased him. He had thoroughly made up his mind to go through with his new part. The idea of riding the Dancing Master did not at all discompose him. He had ridden some very awkward horses before now. The only thing was it would be an awful bore to be kicked off, and,

though he flattered himself he could stick pretty close to anything, still, what had happened to many others, might also happen to him, and then he supposed—Well! Old Greyson wouldn't give him an engagement.

Six o'clock the next morning found Gerald seated under the tree that fronted the Grange, patiently waiting the arrival of the trainer. Already he had seen the sheeted string of thoroughbreds under the superintendence of Butters take their way to the Moor. A few minutes later, and William Greyson emerges from the house, and walks towards the gate, where one of the stable helps is holding his hack for him.

"Ah! my lad, so you come to be tested, and see what you can do with about the wickedest I ever trained."

"I'm good to try, sir," replied Gerald quietly.

"I rather like that, my boy," said the trainer. "It's a good deal better than that confounded confidence of half these young whipper-snappers in my employment; though I'm bound to say," he continued, with a grin, "the Dancing Master has taken the conceit out of most of them. Now you can just follow me up to the Moor, and then I'll see what you can do."

Gerald trudged along by the trainer's side for about a mile, and by that time they were on the Riddleton training-ground.

Do you suppose Dollie Greyson was in her bed this March morning when her lover's riding was to be so severely tested? She was up and dressed quite as soon as her father. Now it so happened that the upper windows of the Grange commanded an excellent view of the gallops on the Moor. It was true it was a mile off, but that is easily within the range of a good race-glass. Three pairs of these were hanging, as she well knew, in her father's room, and no sooner had he left it than she rushed across, and selecting what she considered the best pair, brought it back to her own room, opened the window, and prepared to be a spectator of the proceedings. She saw her father and Gerald arrive on the Moor, and then, after some little delay, she saw the horse led down which, as soon as the sheets were removed, her practised eye recognised as the Dancing Master.

There was a little group gathered round him, and it was evident that a consultation of some sort was taking place.

"Now, my lad," said the trainer, "there's the horse, and mind, all I've told you about him is true; so take care of yourself. Here, lend him a pair of spurs and whip, some of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Greyson," replied Gerald; "but you've told me this is an awkward one, and I'd rather not have any spurs, though I'll take a whip."

"Look here, young feller," said Butters, in a low tone, "if you can't ride above a bit, don't you try it. If you don't know how to fall, don't you try it, for he'll put you down to a moral. You're a lovely weight if you know how to do it, and should come down light, but that colt, oh! Lord! he chucks them off as quick as you shell peas."

Another moment, and Gerald is on the back of the grey. For a moment or two after his head is loosed the colt stands motionless, whilst Gerald pats him on the neck, and not the least deceived by this apparent calm grips the saddle firmly with his knees. Then the Dancing Master commences his usual vagaries. A savage lash out behind is followed by a couple of furious plunges, which Gerald sits like a Centaur, and then the fierce fight between horse and man commences. A practised eye like Greyson's speedily detects that this new candidate for employment *can* ride, and what strikes the trainer even more than that, is the temper and patience he is showing in the struggle. The Dancing Master has been kicking and plunging his wickedest now for some minutes, sulking at intervals only to break out again with more malevolence. At last Gerald takes up the whip and uses it in real earnest. It seems to madden the horse; he plunges worse than ever, and in response to every plunge the whip cracks relentlessly round his ribs. Having failed so far to get rid of his rider by the usual method, he suddenly rears up and throws himself back, and comes down with Gerald's leg under him. There is a rush of the lookers-on to his assistance, as there is, of course, danger of the horse striking him in getting up. When they draw Gerald from under the horse he is insensible.

"Here—some of you!" cries the trainer promptly, "put him in a spare sheet, and carry him down to the Grange. As for you, you devil," he continued, shaking his fist at the grey colt, who stood trembling a little at the result of his fall, "I suppose we never shall teach you manners!"

As for Dollie, who has viewed the desperate struggle between horse and man, when she sees the colt go back, she feels sick, and turns white to her very lips. Then she sees him dexterously jerked away the minute the horse, commencing to rise, takes its weight off his leg; and then she sees again that ominous sign which makes her heart stand still—to wit, that he does not get up.

"Oh, my God! he's killed," she murmurs; "and it is I who have killed him."

But Dollie was no helpless young woman in times of exigency; bravely swallowing down a hysterical sob or two, she dashes down stairs and despatches some one in pursuit of the nearest doctor; then, stifling a strong inclination to order her own room to be prepared for the sufferer, she gives orders that a more modest apartment shall be got ready for him, and then, with beating heart and ashen cheeks, runs down to the wicket-gate to await Gerald's arrival. The first sign of it is the appearance of her father at a canter.

"Send somebody off for the doctor at once, my girl; and get a room ready on the ground floor. That new lad has had an awkward fall."

"I have done all that. He is not killed, father; is he?" she added, the tears welling up in her eyes.

"Killed—no; but it's knocked the senses out of him. Until the doctor comes we shall hardly know to what extent he's hurt; but what's all this?—your cheeks are as white as a sheet, and the tears in your eyes!"

"Oh! it's nothing, father; but I—I—I saw the accident; and it's rather upset me."

A few minutes more and Gerald is carried through the wicket and laid quietly down on the grass plot under the tree. It requires all Dollie's control to prevent her throwing herself on her knees by his side and covering his pale cheek with her kisses. She hardly dares trust herself to speak; but, motioning to the house, says in a low voice:—

"His room is ready."

As they raise him again Gerald opens his eyes, and in answer to an inquiry from the trainer, replies:—

"No. I'm a good deal shook, still I don't think I'm broke anywhere; but Mr. Greyson, you try your boys rather high."

(To be continued)

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE annually offers prizes for the best essay on Colonial and Indian subjects in order to popularise knowledge of the British dependencies among the rising generation. This year the subject of the competition is "The Dominion of Canada: Its History and Present Position, Geographical, Political, and Commercial." This may include the colony of Newfoundland. There are four prizes of 20*l.*, 15*l.*, 10*l.*, and 5*l.*—the first open to members of any British University, who have not, however, been members for more than three years, and the remainder to pupils under eighteen years of age of any school in the United Kingdom. The papers must be sent in by November 10th.





BROAD CHURCH theology is often reproached with being invertebrate, but Mr. F. R. Statham glories in having no backbone, and does all he can to persuade others to get rid of that inconvenient arrangement. In other words, he thinks the true way for the free-thinker is to hold all his creeds in solution. The belief in immortality, for instance, "counts for something," but it never can be proved; and he pulls Miss Cobbe up quite angrily for saying that "the Future Life is the question of the day, to which a distinct 'yes' or 'no' must be given." He feels that religious affirmations have a social as well as an ethical value; it is useful, for instance, for religion to be able to heal the conscience, and if we insist on negations we may be perpetuating the nuisance of Spiritualism. "There is room in the religion of the future for a theistic creed;" in fact, as the French reconstructors of society found, if God didn't exist, we should have to invent Him. Mr. Statham sees also the value, so long as man is imperfect, of an Established Church; and it is comforting to think that he prefers the parson to the "professor of daily conduct," and can even see the good side of Ritualism. Though he dislikes clerical magistrates and Bishops in the House of Lords, he is fully awake to the evils of Disendowment, "which could not be achieved without full compensation, except through a revolution." He has his own scheme for gradually bringing in a State-paid clergy, "the State not repressing independent organisations, but so constructing the State organisation as to leave as little room as possible for any others to exist." Like Strauss, he holds that Ultramontanes are "black Internationals," and he includes among potential Ultramontanes all "independent organisations." They are all anarchic, and "tyranny is inaugurated when religion goes beyond its proper limits." Mr. Statham gave up his "Church" in Edinburgh; we fancy his flock would soon have given up one who could speak so disparagingly of the Protestant Reformation. He won't turn Papist; but, inasmuch as a religion must be provided for "the rascal multitude," he hints that Popery is better suited to their needs than what the Reformers provided for them. This intellectual Brahminism, common to all men who move on his lines, is Mr. Statham's weak point. It lays "Free Thought and True Thought" (Kegan Paul) open to banter. But, banter apart, the book is in many ways remarkable, the most remarkable thing about it being that such an apotheosis of Erastianism should be the outcome of a search after wholly untrammelled thought on the part of a congregation before whom Professor Huxley once preached one of his "Lay Sermons." Mr. Statham soon found his flock was in so unsatisfactory a state that he resigned, and bade them give their old beliefs another trial.

Many Frenchmen are, like most Frenchwomen, seen at their best in their letters. Even were this not so with Louis Philippe's Protestant statesman, the "Lettres de M. Guizot" (Hachette) would be doubly interesting both for the light they throw on the politics of the day, and, yet more, for the insight they give into the writer's character. At Val Rieher, wonderful to tell, the joint family was a success; the chief reason being the depth of home affection in its head. This is very marked from beginning to end of the book. Staying in one Sunday evening to work off his letters, he tells his first wife he must send her just one word; and he goes on through six printed pages, not of gush, but of serious interchange of thought. Forty years after he sits down to tell his daughter about a *soirée musicale*, where he met Doré and Berlioz; but, before beginning, he scolds her for not telling him how her cold is, and how is Margaret: "Silence isn't enough; I want positive good news." When more grandchildren are expected, he announces the fact to friends like Mistress Austin and the Count of Jarnac, taking care to add: "Mes filles supportent à merveille leur grossesse." Never since Cicero was there statesman so full of anxious solicitude for the health of his family. Guizot, the politician, comes out best in the letters to Lord Aberdeen; one in 1845, when our press was shrieking over French war-preparations, is a most dexterous *tu quoque*. Better even than all these is that in September, 1870, to the Bishop of Winchester, pleading for English intervention to prevent the dismemberment of France. We rise from these letters with a far higher opinion of Guizot than we had before; but then we have found, in all this volume, only one letter about the Spanish marriages.

For Lady Enfield's uncle the fashionable world takes the place which his children and grandchildren held in M. Guizot's thoughts. The ailments of half the aristocracy are duly registered, with the dates of their recovery, in "Leaves from the Diary of H. Greville" (Smith and Elder). But then this second series treats of such a stirring time (from September, 1852, till the end of 1856) that the little-tattle of the *beau monde* is thrown into the shade. Mr. Greville, like a good many more, changed in his estimate of Louis Napoleon. He began by laughing at the *enthousiasme de commande* which greeted the Prince President on his tour. At an embassy dinner the health, "proposed by the grandson of George IV., and drunk by the son of the Duke of Wellington," stuck in his throat; but by and by a private dinner and an hour's talk won him over; he found the Emperor so transparently sincere! Still, he couldn't help thinking the Persignys underbred and ridiculous; and he seems annoyed by the attention paid at Windsor to the officers of the Guides when their band came over to play at the Crystal Palace. The book is full of all sorts of curious *ana-*—of which perhaps the best is Lord Raglan persisting in saying "the French" when he meant "the Russians," some French officers being present.

Poland and Ireland have often been brought into unfair comparison. The difference is that, of these two disaffected countries, the former is, as "Un Homme d'État Russe" (Hachette) clearly points out, disaffected in its aristocracy. The Polish *noblesse*, which by the way comes down very low in the social scale, has always been in Poland itself the mainspring of all outbreaks, while in the provinces which once were Polish it is the element of weakness. From Ireland, on the contrary, the native nobility was swept out root and branch by the Tudors and Cromwell; so that, while in Poland men rebel for the sake of keeping their privileges, in Ireland they rebel in order to seize those of the privileged class. Mr. Chamberlain in Ireland would not be so very unlike Milutine in Poland; and he might in time succeed in making the Orangemen and the loyalists generally as disaffected as the Polish *noblesse* are. Milutine was not a success, though his policy no doubt indicated the true way of bringing about the *finis Poloniae*. Even for the sake of his agrarian laws, which M. Leroy Beaulieu compares with Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, to the disadvantage of the latter, because the loyalty of the landlords prevented our Premier from being *logique*, the Poles as a people would not put up with this Russian democrat. No wonder; he had the worst idea possible of the whole of them—nobles, clergy, Jews—*i.e.*, traders—all except the peasants. Mr. Froude, in his "English in Ireland," passes a like judgment on the Irish; but, though the peasant is a far more important factor in Ireland than in Poland, the Irish as a people refused to be charmed by Mr. Froude. Milutine wanted to give Poland a Constitution, but the late Emperor very justly replied: "What would my loyal Russians say, were I to give to rebels what I withhold from them?"

Most newspaper readers will remember the case of Mrs. Juliet Anne Theodora Hart-Davies and the Fletchers, which resulted for

Mrs. Fletcher in "Twelve Months in an English-Prison" (Boston: Lee and Shepherd; London: Tribner). Mrs. Fletcher, who was a medium almost from her cradle, and was married at fourteen to another medium (not Mr. Fletcher), thinks her innocence proved by her voluntarily coming over to stand her trial. Ill-health prevented her husband from doing the same; the physicians said he could not survive the voyage. She hits some blots in the state of English law, and also in the prison treatment of fallen women.

Mr. Le Cenci Hamilton's "Mexican Handbook" (Sampson Low) is meant for business men, its object being to describe Mexico as it is in its mineral and agricultural resources, its cities and their trade, its railways, &c., as well as to explain how legally to acquire property, and how to transact business under Mexican law. To merchants, mariners, railroad builders, &c., the book supplies just the kind of information which they want, "without unnecessary embellishment or fanciful description." We hope the prophecy in the introduction may really be fulfilled, "that Mexico will no more be the prey of the unscrupulous adventurer who fosters unworthy enterprises." The book contains some interesting details about old mining operations. In most of the provinces the ploughs, &c., are so primitive that there is (says Mr. Hamilton) a wonderful field for the agricultural implement maker.

"E. V. C." managed to combine at Pilgrims' Rest a good deal of dancing and picnicking with the construction of his water-race and other mine-works. Then came war; and he soon found "The Promised Land" (Blades) a delusion. It is unpleasant to hear that "to lie like an Englishman has become a Kaffir proverb," and that the poor loyal natives have suffered dreadfully, because they believed what was told them that "as long as the rivers ran and the sun shone, the British flag would wave over the Transvaal." "How we smiled," says "E. V. C.," "when we heard that General Wood had signed an evacuation. Had we not Sir Garnet's assurances that the Transvaal would not be given back to the Boers?"



If Mrs. Riddell requires change of air from the City of London, her readers ought not to grudge it to her. She is, however, so identified with the City that "Bernie Boyle, a Love Story of the County Down" (3 vols.; Bentley and Son), appeals to an entirely new range of interests and sympathies. For our own part, we do not think her change of air and scene well advised. London she has made her own, and all her characteristics pre-eminently fit her for the discovery of the hidden romance of its daily life, and for the chronicling of all its works and ways. We trust, therefore, that her passage across St. George's Channel is but a passing flight, and that she is not abandoning what none can do half so well as she for what she can do no better than scores of others. Her Irish love story is wholly wanting in sympathy, as well as in every sort of characteristic flavour. The blackguard whom she rewards at last with the hand and heart of her heroine, instead of with a horse-whipping for trying to compromise an innocent girl's honour, is anything but successful as a hero, though no doubt abduction used at one period to be regarded more leniently in Ireland than elsewhere. The best character portrait is that of Bernie's vain and flighty mother, who, as well as some of the subordinate characters, affords material for Mrs. Riddell's somewhat hard and grim sort of humour. Still, we have none of those dramatically inconsistent personages who have distinguished most of her other works, and have placed her in the front rank of observers of human nature. In short, "Bernie Boyle" is altogether a far more conventional work of fiction than has yet appeared from her pen. It need not be said that it is full of literary ability, and that it is interesting beyond the average of other works, though not of Mrs. Riddell's own.

The anonymous novel, "My Ducats and My Daughter" (3 vols.; Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is exceedingly clever in many ways, and genuinely amusing. It is much too sketchy, and its incidents hang too loosely together to create sustained interest. But the story is altogether its least important portion, and the reader will be more than content with its lively episodes and its life-like though certainly exaggerated characters. For one thing, it is not a mere love story, though the love element is not wanting. The political humours and eccentricities of a Scottish borough, which worships the present Premier as if he were a demigod, forms excellent material for satirical description, though it is dragged in by the head and shoulders, and has no more to do with the story than with the wrong side of the moon. Another equally amusing, and equally disconnected, portion of the novel is given to the account of the hero's experiences as assistant sub-editor of a daily newspaper. There is altogether about "My Ducats and My Daughter" something of the spirit of the ancient order of novel which makes its hero a peg upon which to hang a variety of unconnected adventures and pictures of real life highly coloured. On the whole there is too much talk; but then it is often really witty, especially in the case of Mr. Mallory, the editor of the journal already mentioned, and it is always characteristic—not only are the witty made witty, but the dull are made very decidedly dull. Not one of the characters obtains sympathy, and it is impossible to care what becomes of them; but they are all more or less entertaining companions, and one or two of them are not likely to be readily forgotten. As to the love business, which demands mention lest the ordinary novel-reader should think it excluded from the field by politics, journalism, and finance, the author has had the good fortune to light upon a character of considerable originality in his Camilla Arden, a compound of calculating selfishness and of capacity for self-sacrifice. We shall be glad to meet with the anonymous author again, especially if he remembers that, in fiction, a well-constructed story is half the battle.

It is late in the day to speak in detail of Ohnet's famous novel of "Le Maître de Forges," of which "The Ironmaster; or, Love and Pride," is a translation from the 146th French edition (1 vol.; Vizetelly and Co.). Mr. Buchanan's "Lady Clare" and Mr. Pinero's "The Ironmaster" have familiarised many with the story who have never read the original novel, while these, even on this side the Channel, must be reckoned by thousands. The amazing success of the novel is not easily accountable, except on the ground that the demand for perfectly pure French fiction is much greater than the supply. Readers in the present translation will find the phenomenon still less easy to understand, for the version is decidedly clumsy in style, and not always even clear. The translator's preface, however, will be found interesting, in its account of a work from which, as novel and play, the author obtained 12,000*l.* in a couple of years. In face of such a fact as this, criticism dares not deny success, though it may fail to comprehend the reason why.

#### BRITISH YACHTSMEN

ALTHOUGH there is plenty of evidence that yachts or pleasure craft existed as far back as the sixteenth century, it cannot be said that yachting became a popular pastime until about one hundred years ago. In 1780 the Duke of Richmond had a large yacht built at Southampton, in which he and his family lived and cruised during some portion of the summer months, and several other gentlemen followed his example, although, perhaps, in a smaller way.

However, the long series of wars in which England was engaged in up to 1815 seriously interfered with the development of the pastime, although the taste for it was each succeeding year becoming more pronounced. Conclusive evidence of this is shown by the fact that in 1812 the "Yacht Club" (now the Royal Yacht Squadron) was established at Cowes. It does not appear, however, to have been formally inaugurated until 1815, when some fifty noblemen and gentlemen met at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, and enrolled themselves as members of the "Yacht Club." Although all the original members have passed away, some of the earliest vessels of the Yacht Club still exist, and amongst them the *Pearl*, built by the first Marquis of Anglesey, and now owned by a distinguished Corinthian yachtsman, Mr. W. Baden-Powell. The Anglesey family has always been noted for its yachting proclivities, and the present possessor of the title is Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club and owner of a steam yacht of considerable size; whilst Lord Alfred Paget has been a yacht-owner for more than half-a-century. A great portion of Lord Alfred's boyhood was spent at West Cowes Castle (now the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House), of which the first Marquis of Anglesey was Governor, and he began his yachting career from the cradle. How many yachts he has owned he probably scarcely knows himself, but so far back as 1842 he built the famous cutter *Mystery*, which, in 1844, he sold to the present Marquis of Londonderry (then Earl Vane) who that year won the Cup at the Squadron Regatta with her, beating such well-known flyers as *Phantom*, *Blue Bell*, &c. After this Lord Vane had the topsail schooner *Lotos*, which in 1863 he matched against the Duke of Rutland's *Resolution*, also a topsail schooner, but *Lotos* was beaten by ten minutes. Since that date topsail schooners have almost entirely gone out of fashion, and, with the exception of Mr. J. R. West's *Goshawk* and Mr. Broadwood's *Thais*, a schooner with yards across is seldom seen. The Duke of Rutland at present possesses the large fore-and-aft schooner *Shark*, and no vessel is better known in the Solent, although she has done nothing so memorable as to defeat a topsail schooner like the *Lotos*.

Two other well-known craft of a bygone age which are still in existence, are the *Alarm* schooner, 248 tons, and *Arrow* cutter, 115 tons. Both of these yachts were built by the late Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth Castle. The *Arrow* was not much of a success until she fell into the hands of Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, who remodelled her bow, and for thirty odd years—between 1846 and 1878—she fairly tackled all comers. Her present owner, Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, since his father's death has greatly improved the old vessel; but she is too heavily handicapped by the existing tonnage rating to compete with modern racing yachts.

On the death of Mr. Weld in 1862 the *Alarm* was sold to her present owner, Mr. George Duppa, who at once fitted her out for match sailing, and carried off the trophy of victory in two or three notable Channel matches. In speaking of the *Alarm* one cannot help recalling the memorable and last match Mr. Weld sailed in her in 1861. Her principal antagonist was the *Aline* schooner, 216 tons, built and owned by Captain C. S. Thellusson in 1860. This beautiful vessel (now owned by the Prince of Wales) set the fashion for a new style of schooner, and the Gosport type of craft have ever since been famous both for beauty and speed. There are amongst many others the *Gwendolin*, 180 tons, of Major Ewing, the *Waterwitch*, 146 tons, of Mr. Edward Baring, and the *Hildegard*, 200 tons, built for Mr. Gilbert Moss, but subsequently owned by the Prince of Wales, and now the property of the Earl of March. Captain Thellusson's yachting experiences date back to 1848, when he owned the *Florence* cutter of thirty-five tons, after which, in succession, he had the *Georgiana* schooner, *Aline* schooner, *Guinevere* schooner, and is now possessor of the *Boadicea*, which is the largest sailing yacht afloat. Captain Thellusson has always been regarded as a great authority on yacht racing, and yachting matters generally, and for many years was a flag officer of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde. During his Commodoreship Lord Burghley was Vice-Commodore, and on the retirement of Captain Thellusson for a season or two, Lord Burghley (who, meanwhile, had succeeded as Marquis of Exeter), became Commodore. Captain Thellusson then, on the death of Sir R. Sutton, took office under the Marquis of Exeter as Vice-Commodore. About the same time some changes took place in the flag officers of the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the death of the Marquis of Conyngham the Marquis of Londonderry was made Vice-Commodore, and on the death of the Earl of Wilton the Prince of Wales was elected Commodore.

The period embraced in these changes—from 1860 to 1880—may be called the golden era of yacht racing, and although we may know a great deal more now as to what is possible to get out of a yacht, it is unlikely that we shall ever again witness such contests as took place within the period named. It was no uncommon event to see eight or nine large schooners in a match, and one of the best-known among the competitors was the *Egeria*, built for, and owned by, Mr. John Mulholland, in 1865. Mr. Mulholland was a yacht-owner some fifteen years before that date, but his racing career may be said to commence from the famous match the *Egeria* made with the *Aline* in 1865, when the pair at the finish, in a fine breeze, passed the Royal Yacht Squadron battery beam and beam. Mr. Mulholland was one of the first to recognise the value of "outside lead" as ballast, and beginning with about six tons on the keel, he had in 1868 as much as thirteen tons. This at the time was thought to be a very excessive quantity, and it was not much exceeded until the *Miranda* was built for Mr. George Curtis Lamson in 1876.

The *Egeria* up to this period had fairly held her own, and Mr. Mulholland won more Queen's Cups with her than any other gentleman had ever succeeded in doing; but Mr. Lamson's vessel, both in her ballasting and rig, marked a new departure in schooners, and taken all round she must be considered invincible among yachts of her own rig, although this must not be taken to imply that a schooner could not be built to beat her.

In speaking of the "golden era" of schooner-racing the *Cetonia* (which was built for Mr. William Turner, who formerly had owned those successful cutters *Phosphorus* and *Vanguard*), must come in for attention. This beautiful vessel greatly distinguished herself whilst in Mr. Turner's hands, and she was also raced with varying success by her subsequent owner, the Earl of Gosford. Her present owner is Mr. Edward Guinness, who, by judicious alterations in her ballasting and sail plan, has made her probably the fastest vessel in the Royal Yacht Squadron, not even excepting Mr. Edward Baring's *Waterwitch*.

Although the old *Arrow* won a gold cup in the guise of a yawl some fifty odd years ago it cannot be said that yawl racing became much of a fashion until the successful *debut* of Lord Alfred Paget's *Xantha* in a Channel match in 1865, and the equally successful *debut* of the *Lufra* (Lord Strathford) in a match round the Shambles in 1867, to say nothing of the little *Enid*'s successes, by aid of "rig allowances," against the cutters. The *Lufra* subsequently became the property of Mr. James Houldsworth, who altered her and raced her with great spirit for a few seasons, but she was found too big (222 tons) to compete against smaller vessels, which received a time allowance. A notable addition was made to the yawl fleet in 1872, when the *Corisande* was built by Michael Ratsey for Mr. John Richardson, who had long been known as an enthusiastic yachtsman, and the owner in turn of the *Ruby* (9 tons), *Chance* (76 tons), *Glean* (140 tons), *Evadne* (210 tons), *Derwent* (130 tons), and *Zelia* (190 tons). It was thought that Mr. Richardson in *Corisande* had secured a craft which would sweep the coast of yawl

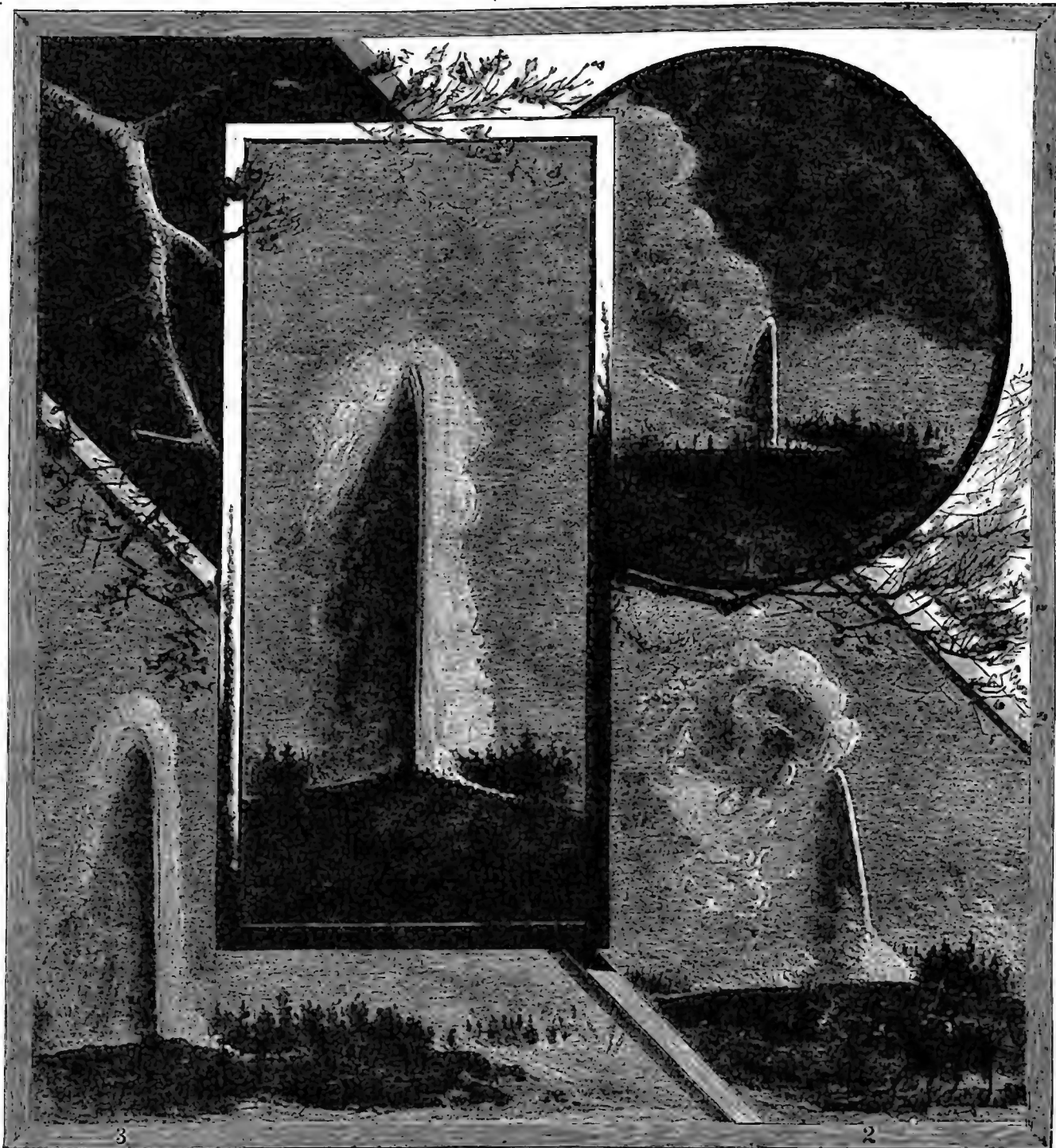


## YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, U.S.A.

THE Yellowstone National Park is situated in the most elevated part of that portion of the Rocky Mountains lying in the extreme north-west quarter of the Territory of Wyoming, the north-eastern portion of Idaho Territory, and the southern part of Montana Territory. By Act of Congress, this section of country, about 200 square miles, is perpetually dedicated to the use and pleasure of the people as a National Park.

One of our illustrations represents the extreme western end of the Yellowstone Valley, with the "gateway" of the cañon through which you pass to enter the park in the distance, some fifty miles to the south. Numbers 1 and 2 represent the "Old Faithful" geyser, a brief description of which will be of interest to our readers.

The principal geysers of the park are in the Upper Geyser Basin, which extends from "Old Faithful" down the main Firehole River to a point just below the mouth of the Little Firehole River, and along Iron Spring Creek, a branch of the latter stream. The more important springs and geysers are on the main river. As the Firehole and Little Firehole Rivers converge, flowing northward, the basin is almost triangular in shape. The extent of the basin is about four square miles, but the chief geysers are situated within an area of perhaps half a mile along the course of the Firehole on either side of the stream. This flows from south-east to north-west through the basin, taking a more northerly course, however, after the waters of Iron Spring Creek and the Little Missouri unite with it. The volume of the Firehole is sometimes



1 and 2. "Old Faithful" Geyser in Action, Night and Morning.—3. "Beehive" Geyser: Sends up a Column of Water 219 Feet High Every Eight Hours.—4. "Grand" Geyser: Throws a Stream 200 Feet High at Each Eruption.

Yellowstone River in the Park



View in the Canon of the Yellowstone

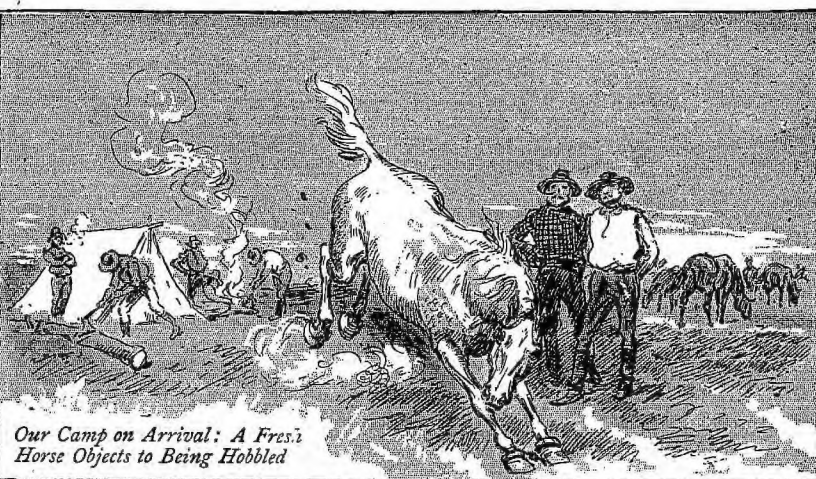
greatly increased just after the eruption of some of the larger geysers, and the temperature of the water is affected by the springs. For example, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from "Old Faithful" to a point opposite the "Grand Geyser," the river has been found seven degrees Fahrenheit warmer. The surface of the Basin consists of a succession of ridges and knolls, crowned with geysers and boiling springs. On every side are mountains 1,500 feet or more in height, the slopes of which are heavily timbered, although there are occasional outcroppings of rough basaltic rocks among the pines. Clouds of steam hang as a pall over the basin, and columns of vapour float upward like water wraiths from between the tree-tops of the surrounding forest. The earth is full of rumbling and gurgling sounds, and the air is laden with sulphurous fumes. Stupendous fountains of boiling water, veiled in spray, shoot towards heaven at varying heights, like cascades reversed, glinting and coruscating and scintillating in the sunlight until their force is expended, when they fall in showers of flashing pearls with a shock that shakes the ground. An excellent point from which to obtain a comprehensive view of the Upper Geyser Basin is a high mound near "Old Faithful," formerly the crater of a geyser, of which nothing now is left save a small steaming, gurgling vent. Here the entire band of geysers may be seen and heard as they give their concert with hot water trumpets in perfect diapason, each performer at irregular intervals taking a solo part, and uttering his loudest tones in harmonic combination. Close at hand, on the right, is "Old Faithful," which regularly every hour sends its stream of boiling water 160 feet upward, and continues this spectacle for the space of five long minutes. This grand exhibition is alone sufficient to satisfy the expectations of the most exacting sight-seer. But there are besides many other geysers of greater power. In the foreground looms the "Castle," looking like a feudal stronghold, belching forth its pearl-white clouds of steam and heavy jets of boiling water. To the right, across the river, is the "Beehive," which often twice a day sends forth a lordly column 219 feet in height from its shapely crater. A few rods beyond is the "Sapphire Pool," out of which the "Giantess" plays fortnightly her stupendous fountain. Close by are the "Lion," the "Lioness," and her two "Cubs," each of which, when roused to action, inspires terror by its growling.

This remarkable region of the Yellowstone, before whose geysers all others of the world—even the celebrated ones of Iceland—sink into insignificance, is now made easily accessible by the Northern Pacific Railroad. As it is a trip of only two and a half days from St. Paul, Minnesota, the excursion is becoming a favourite one, both with American and European tourists. There is a large hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs for the accommodation of visitors.





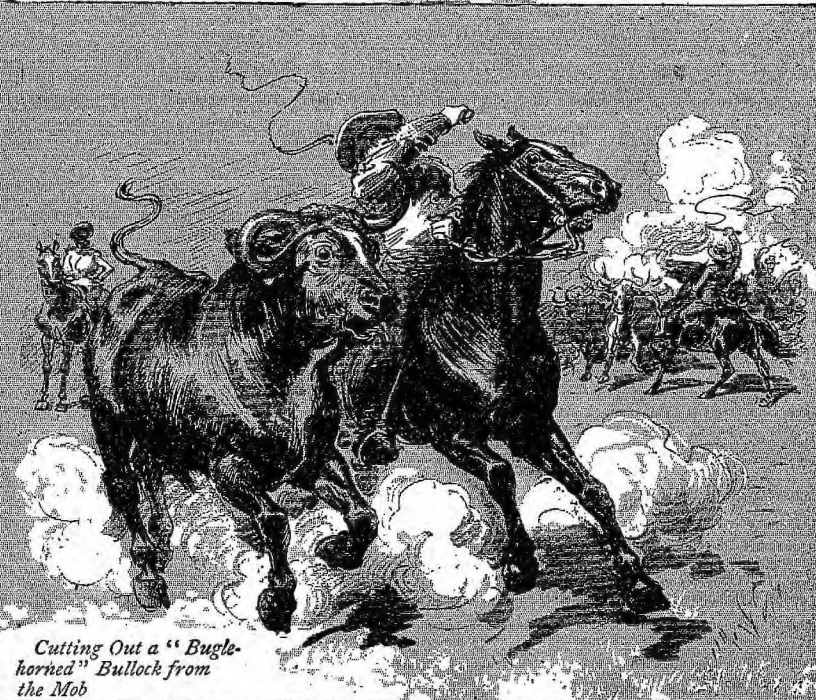
*An Early Start by Moonlight:  
As Fresh as Paint*



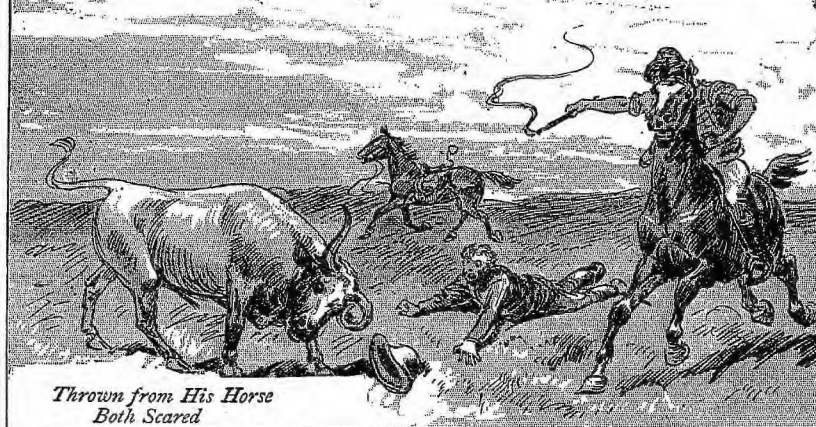
*Our Camp on Arrival: A Fresh  
Horse Objects to Being Hobbled*



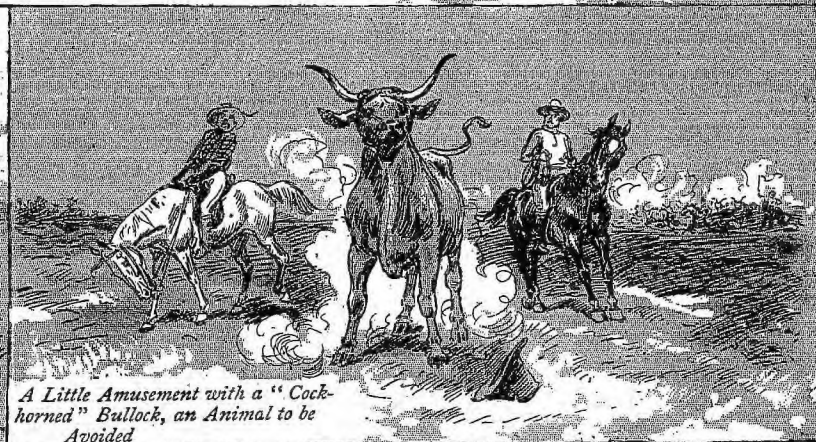
*Camp at Daylight:  
Starting to Drive the Cattle*



*Cutting Out a "Bugle-  
horned" Bullock from  
the Mob*



*Thrown from His Horse  
Both Scared*



*A Little Amusement with a "Cock-  
horned" Bullock, an Animal to be  
Avoided*



*Continued Violence of the "Cock-  
horn": The Charge*



*Going Home, Slightly Jaded*



prizes for some years; but in 1873 the *Florinda* was built for Mr. William Jessop, and *Corisande* found her hard to beat; in short Mr. Jessop was owner of what proved to be, taken all round, the most successful yacht ever built, and one of the few which has undergone no carving, patching, or telescoping since her debut. The successes of these yawls brought into existence many others, notably the *Latona*, Mr. Alex. B. Rowley (who previously owned the *Mabel* cutter), and the *fullanar* yawl, owned by Mr. Alex. D. Macleay. Among other well-known yachtsmen who have owned yawls may be mentioned Lieut. Henn, R.N., who with his wife has in winter and summer cruising covered 50,000 miles in the *Gertrude* (80 tons), Col. Dugmore (*Gwynfa*), Mr. Frank Willan (*Dauntless*), Col. Gamble (*Chanticleer*), Mr. Henry Crawford (*Nixie*), Mr. R. Stuart Lane (*Arethusa*), Mr. E. R. Tatchell (*Milly*), &c.

To give a complete account of cutter-racing one would have to go back to the days of the "Merry Monarch," who used to amuse himself on the Thames by steering one of his numerous yachts against some other steered by his brother, the Duke of York. Such a history of the "national rig" would, however, be as tedious as a twice-told tale, and it will be sufficient to glance at the cutters just as they happen to represent living British yachtsmen. To go back to 1865—a notable year for cutters—we find Lord Henry Lennox's *Hirondelle* in competition with the old *Arrow*, *Menai*, *Brunette*, &c.; but a very different kind of craft had made her debut that year, and that was *Fiona*, owned by Mr. E. Boutcher. This remarkable craft was built by Fife, of Fairlie, and during the fifteen years she

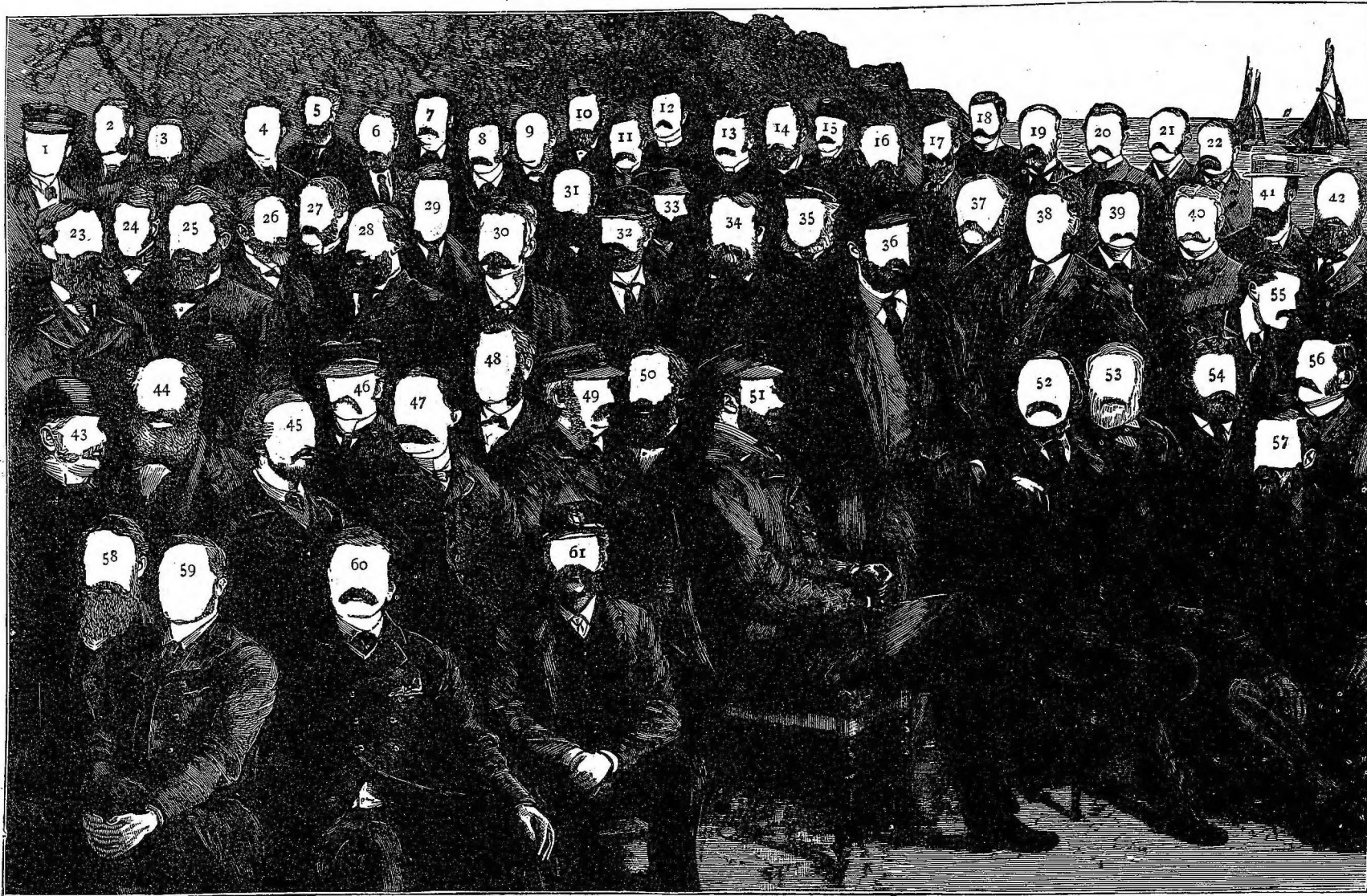
was raced by Mr. Boutcher against all comers she won more prizes than any other cutter ever put afloat. Mr. Boutcher afterwards built and raced the *Fiona* schooner, and although he is now owner of a large steam yacht (also named *Fiona*) he is known to take as keen an interest in yacht-racing as he did on the first day when he hoisted the familiar "orange and red diagonal."

Concurrently with the remarkable successes of *Fiona* the popularity of the cutter rig was extended by the performances of Major Ewing's fine cutter *Condor*, Mr. Wylie's *Oimara*, and Captain Hughes' *Vanguard*. It had been thought that the rage for schooner sailing which set in after the arrival of the *America* in 1851 had eclipsed cutter sailing for ever, and that we should see no more big *Alarms*, *Arundels*, *Pearls*, *Menais*, *Lulworths*, or *Louisas*. It is true there were in 1860 still the old *Arrow*, the *Julia*, *Volante*, and *Mosquito*; but all these belonged in a sense to a past age, and all the grandeur of yacht-racing seemed concentrated in the schooners—the yawls were then undiscovered. However, *Fiona* and her competitors had put new life into cutter sailing, and devotees of the tiller declared that nothing equalled the grandeur and excitement of racing a big cutter. Count Edmund Batthyany (now Prince Batthyany) who since 1864 had sailed with varying success the *Flying Cloud* schooner, showed his enthusiasm for the sport by building in 1872 the cutter *Kriemhilda*, of 105 tons, and two years later Colonel Markham, who had won distinction as owner of the *Pantomime* schooner, built *Vol-au-Vent*, of 103 tons. About the same time Mr. David Richardson (one of the oldest and best known of the Clyde yachtsmen, and who, among many other yachts, had built the fine cruising

schooner *Selene*), commissioned Fife, of Fairlie, to build the *Cythera* (115 tons); and then came from Ratsey's yard (where also were built *Kriemhilda* and *Vol-au-Vent*) *Formosa*, owned first by Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley, and subsequently by the Prince of Wales. All these cutters, with the *Arrow* included, have been in competition together; but all were eclipsed in 1880 by Mr. J. Clark's *Vandura* (89 tons), and Mr. Jameson's *Samana*, (83 tons). These yachts were about equal in length to *Kriemhilda* and *Formosa*; but having less beam, they were of considerably less tonnage. However, by virtue of weighted keels, to the tune of some 45 tons each, they were able to carry more canvas than their rivals, and thus for prize winning showed a superiority. Mr. J. Clark sold *Vandura* after her first season to his brother, and since then he has built the *Wendur* yawl, of 125 tons, which at the present moment is considered the fastest yawl of her size afloat.

In referring to cutter sailing, the fact should not be overlooked that a man does not usually commence his racing career with a 100-tonner, nor end it either, and many contend that there is more sport to be got out of a 40, a 20, a 10, a 5, or a 3-tonner, than there is out of the grander craft.

Amongst the many who have won a name in yachting annals as the owners of small racing yachts, and at the same time as "Corinthian seamen," who can "hand, reef, and steer," are such men as the Marquis of Ailsa, who has owned some fourteen yachts, the best known of which are *Slouthound*, *Foxhound*, and *Cocker*; Mr. G. B. Thompson, *Torch*, *Madcap*, *Hinda*, *Finola*, *Olga*; Mr. Robert



BRITISH YACHTSMEN—KEY BLOCK TO THE LARGE PLATE

1. Tankerville Chamberlayne  
2. G. B. Thompson  
3. Colonel Gamble  
4. C. E. McCheane  
5. W. Stuart Lane  
6. Emanuel Boutcher  
7. Frank Willan  
8. J. Coates, Jun.  
9. John Clark

10. John Duncan Lee  
11. J. R. Kirby  
12. C. T. Kettlewell  
13. Robert Wylie  
14. W. Jessop  
15. Captain Bayley  
16. Robert Hewett  
17. Henry Crawford  
18. A. Butler Rowley

19. Alex. D. Macleay  
20. William Turner  
21. W. Collins, Jun.  
22. John Richardson  
23. Major Wallace Carpenter  
24. Henry Jameson  
25. Sir W. B. Forwood  
26. G. C. Lampson  
27. Pennant Lloyd

28. Lt.-Gen. Baring  
29. W. H. Trego  
30. Lt.-Col. Dugmore  
31. James Houldsworth  
32. Prince Batthyany  
33. Lieut. W. Henn  
34. Duke of Rutland  
35. Sir James Ramsden  
36. Duke of Edinburgh

37. W. B. Walker  
38. Sir Thomas Brassey  
39. E. R. Tatchell  
40. Major T. R. Bridson  
41. James R. West  
42. R. H. Smith Barry  
43. Major Ewing  
44. Captain Thellusson  
45. Earl of Dufferin

46. Albert Brassey  
47. Lord Henry Lennox  
48. Edward C. Baring  
49. Marquess of Londonderry  
50. John Mulholland  
51. Prince of Wales  
52. Marquess of Exeter  
53. David Richardson

54. John Burns  
55. Edward C. Guinness  
56. George Duppa  
57. Marquess of Ailsa  
58. Marquess of Drogheda  
59. Lord Francis Cecil  
60. Lord Alfred Paget  
61. Marquess of Anglesea

Hewett is one of the most experienced and best known of the Thames amateurs, and he has been a prominent member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club almost from its foundation. His greatest achievement in yachting was designing the famous 10-tonner *Buttercup*, which he has constantly steered to victory, although her antagonists have been the productions of the most approved designers of the day; Mr. Henry Crawford, *Wavecrest*, *Le Clair*, *Nixie*, *Nixie*; Mr. J. R. Kirby, who has owned seven *Violets*, a *Fawn*, *Mischief*, *Falcon*, *St. Hilda*, and two *Daisies*; Lord Francis Cecil, *Chittyswee*; Mr. Robert Wylie, *Sirius*, and two *Verves*; Mr. Wm. Collins, *Annasona*; Mr. Pennant Lloyd, *Scud*, *Kittiwake*, *Minnow*, *Sea Star* (all designed and built by himself), *Dormouse*; Sir W. B. Forwood, *Leander*, *Playmate*, *Satanella*, *Glance* (8 tons), *Spray*; Captain Bayley, *Buccaneer*, *Spankadiello*, Mr. C. E. McCheane, *Kate*, *Undine*. These fairly represent the amateur element in yacht-sailing, and all have done much to promote among yachtsmen a practical knowledge of the art of fore-and-aft seamanship.

Amongst those who have been yacht-owners almost all their lives, many, who have never owned what is termed a regular "racing yacht," yet have always taken great interest in the sport and promoted its welfare. First among these we may mention the Marquis of Exeter, who was first President of the Yacht Racing Association, and owner of several yachts, including the yawl *Hyacinth* and steam yachts *Zenobia* and *Queen of Palmyra*; Lieut.-General Baring (Vice-President Y.R.A.), owner for many years of the cutters *Caprice* and *Nell*, and now owner of the steam yacht *Vixen*; the Duke of Edinburgh, Commodore Royal Alfred and Royal Albert Yacht Clubs, and at one time owner of the schooner *Viking*; Mr. Frank Willan, who has owned the *Jone* schooner, *Dauntless* yawl, and *Firefly* steamer, and now owns the *Juno* steamer; the Marquis of Drogheda, Commodore of the Royal St. George's Yacht

Club, and owner of several well-known cruising yachts, including the fine schooner *Ferida*; Mr. W. H. Trego, who during a thirty years' yachting career has owned five vessels, and is now the possessor of the *Nina* schooner, and Vice-Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club; Mr. R. H. Smith-Barry, Admiral of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and owner at different times of the *Gulnare* (31 tons), *Pandora* (51 tons), *Columbine* (91 tons), *Cymba* (54 tons), *Georgiana* (120 tons), *Zoraida* (155 tons); Mr. J. R. West, Vice-Commodore, Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club, and owner of *Vega*, schooner (140 tons) and *Goshawk*, schooner (260 tons); Mr. Albert Brassey, Vice-Commodore Royal Albert Yacht Club, and present owner of the steam yacht *Czarina* (600 tons); Mr. Henry Jameson, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, *Siren* (19 tons), *North Star* (28 tons), *Gilana* (75 tons), *Garland* (160 tons), *Margaret* (428 tons), and *Gilana* (510 tons); Major Wallace Carpenter, owner at different times of the *Delaware* cutter and *Zolie* steam yacht, and now owner of the steam yacht *Maude*; Mr. W. B. Walker, *Condor* cutter (136 tons), *Aline* schooner (216 tons), *Aline* steam yacht (365 tons), *Lady Aline* steam yacht (400 tons); Mr. Walker, at different times, had sent out to Australia *Chance* schooner (80 tons), *Diana* schooner (85 tons), and *Alerte* cutter (55 tons); Lieut.-Colonel Gamble, Commodore Royal Mersey Yacht Club, is another well-known yachtsman, and present owner of the steam yacht *Aline*. During a long yachting career he has owned the *North Star* (27 tons), *Chanticleer* (112 tons), and the *Nora Creina* steam yacht. Lieut.-Colonel Dugmore has long been known as one of the many distinguished amateurs furnished by the Household Brigade. He now owns the yawl *Gwynfa*, and previously had the *Reindeer* schooner, 77 tons, *Marinella*, yawl (52 tons), *Firebrand* steamer (42 tons), and *Eugenie* schooner (92 tons); Mr. J. D. Lee was known as an ardent yachtsman on the Thames half a century ago; he was one of the founders of the

New Thames Yacht Club, and for many years its Commodore; he has owned *Fortuna* (25 tons), *Mary* (25 tons), *Night Thought* (63 tons), *Nettle* (80 tons), *Dracana* (120 tons), *Cutty Sark* (120 tons), *Mother Cary* (43 tons), *Druid* (80 tons), *Lilith* (44 tons); Sir James Ramsden takes a lively interest in yacht sailing, and is Vice-Commodore of the Royal Barrow Yacht Club; he has owned the *Aries* (240 tons), which was lost, and now owns the *Aries* (360 tons), and for a while the *Freda* (5 tons); Mr. John Burns, a Clyde yachtsman, has owned *Matador* (233 tons), *Jacamar* (446 tons), *Capercailzie* (526 tons).

Besides the yachtsmen who cruise about home, there have been several from the earliest days of yachting who have made extended voyages. Amongst those of the present day may be mentioned the Earl of Dufferin, whose "Letters from High Latitudes" will be always popular, not only on account of their interesting matter, but also on account of their literary merit. Lord Dufferin made his voyage to the North in the schooner *Foam* of 80 tons, but he subsequently owned the *Erminia*, of 220 tons, the *Chimera*, of 20 tons, the *Talisman*, of 60 tons, and is present owner of the *Lady Hermione*, 30 tons. Sir Thomas Brassey's voyages in the *Sunbeam* are well known. Mr. C. T. Kettlewell's voyage round the world in the *Marchesa* is perhaps not so well known, but it was more adventurous, and of some scientific value on account of the collection formed by a distinguished naturalist who accompanied him. It is a common thing for British yachtsmen to winter in the Mediterranean in their yachts, and such a "voyage" is now thought very little more than a trip round Skye in the summer. Most of the yacht-owners whose names have been mentioned have at one time or another (some of them frequently) cruised from November to March along the shores of the Mediterranean, whilst some, like the Marquis of Ailsa, occasionally choose the West Indies, or coast of South America as a winter cruising ground.

DIXON KEMP

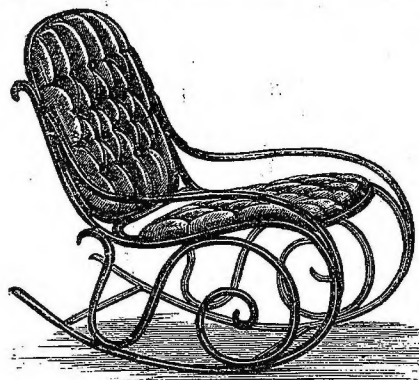


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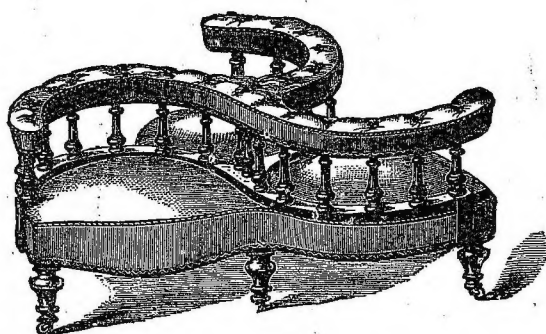
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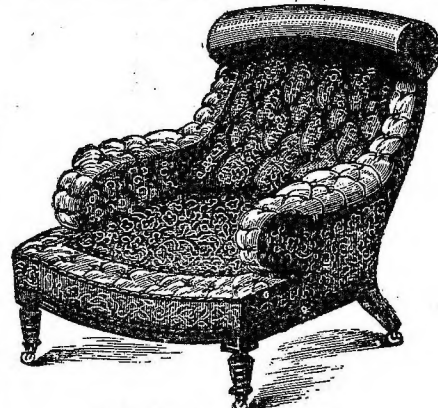
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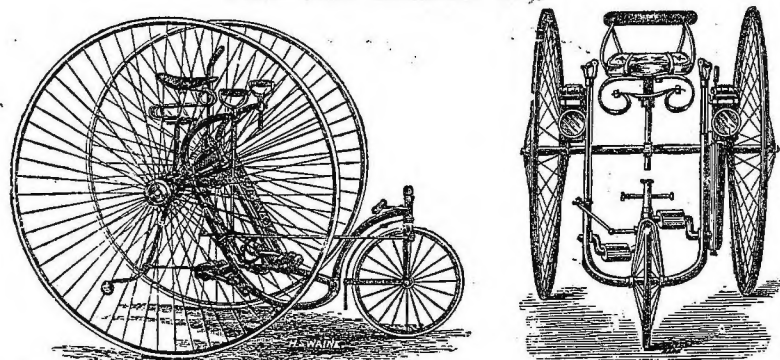
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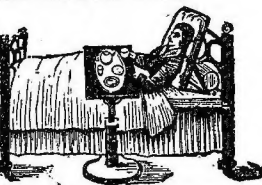
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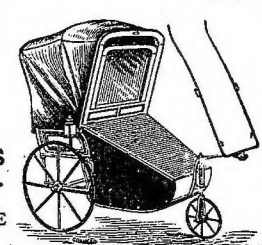
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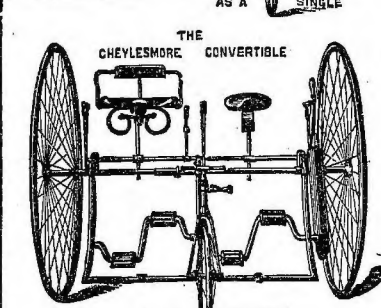
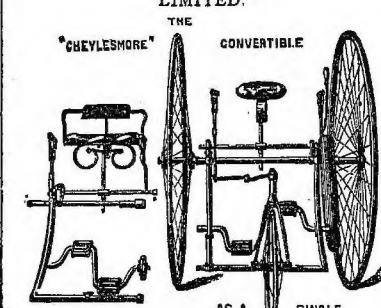
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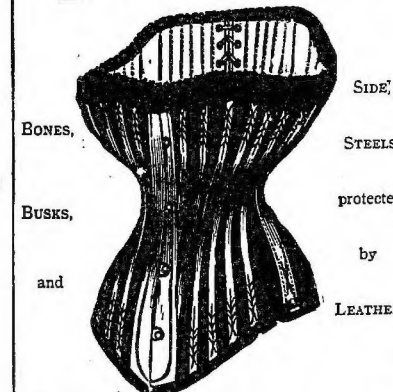
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